His Baltimore Madonna Etc.

CHARLES WEATHERS BUMP

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0001932655A



Class PZ3

Book · B 879 Hi

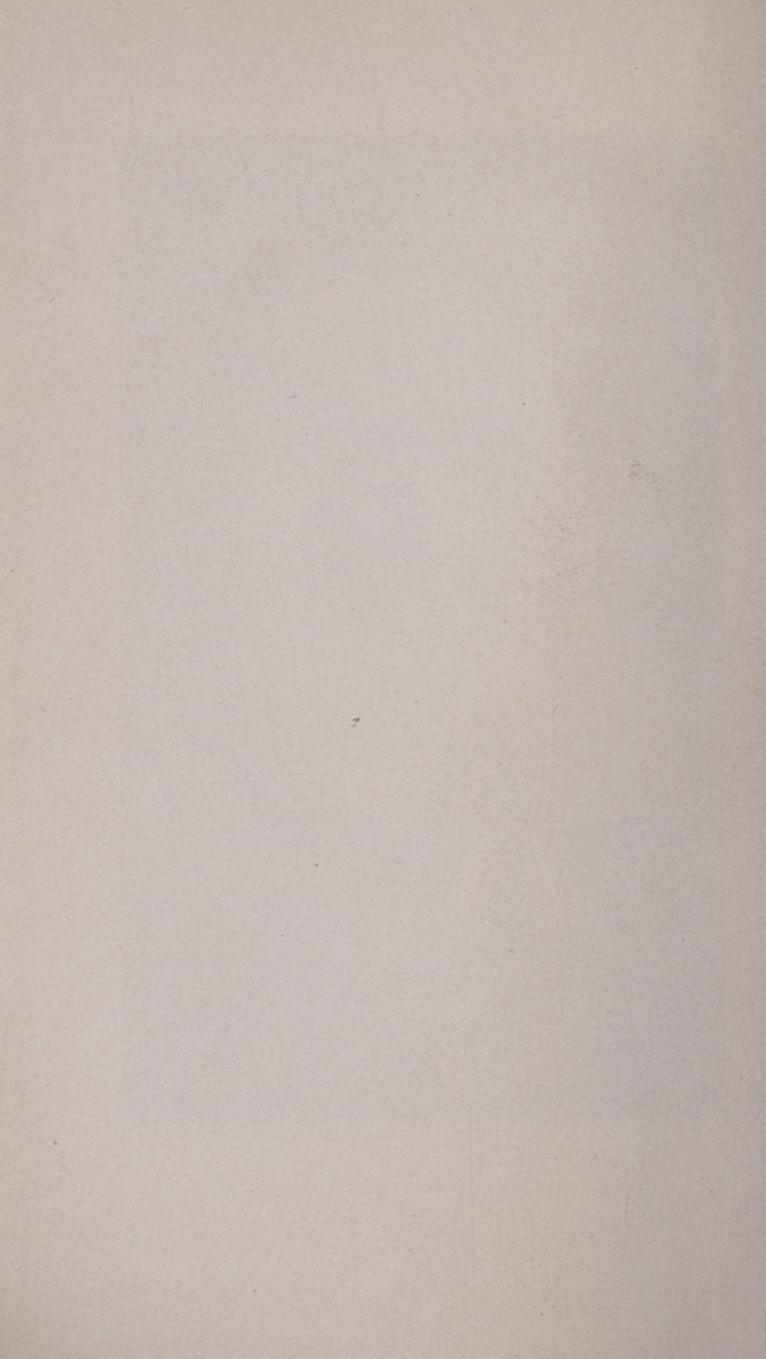
Copyright Nº__

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.









His Baltimore Madonna

AND

OTHER STORIES

BY

CHARLES WEATHERS BUMP



NUNN & COMPANY
BALTIMORE
1906

P23 9/ti

Copyright 1906 by Charles Weathers Bump
All Rights Reserved
Acknowledgment is due The Baltimore News
for aid in reprinting these stories



Presswork by
The Horn-Shafer Company
Baltimore, Md.

TWELVE STORIES

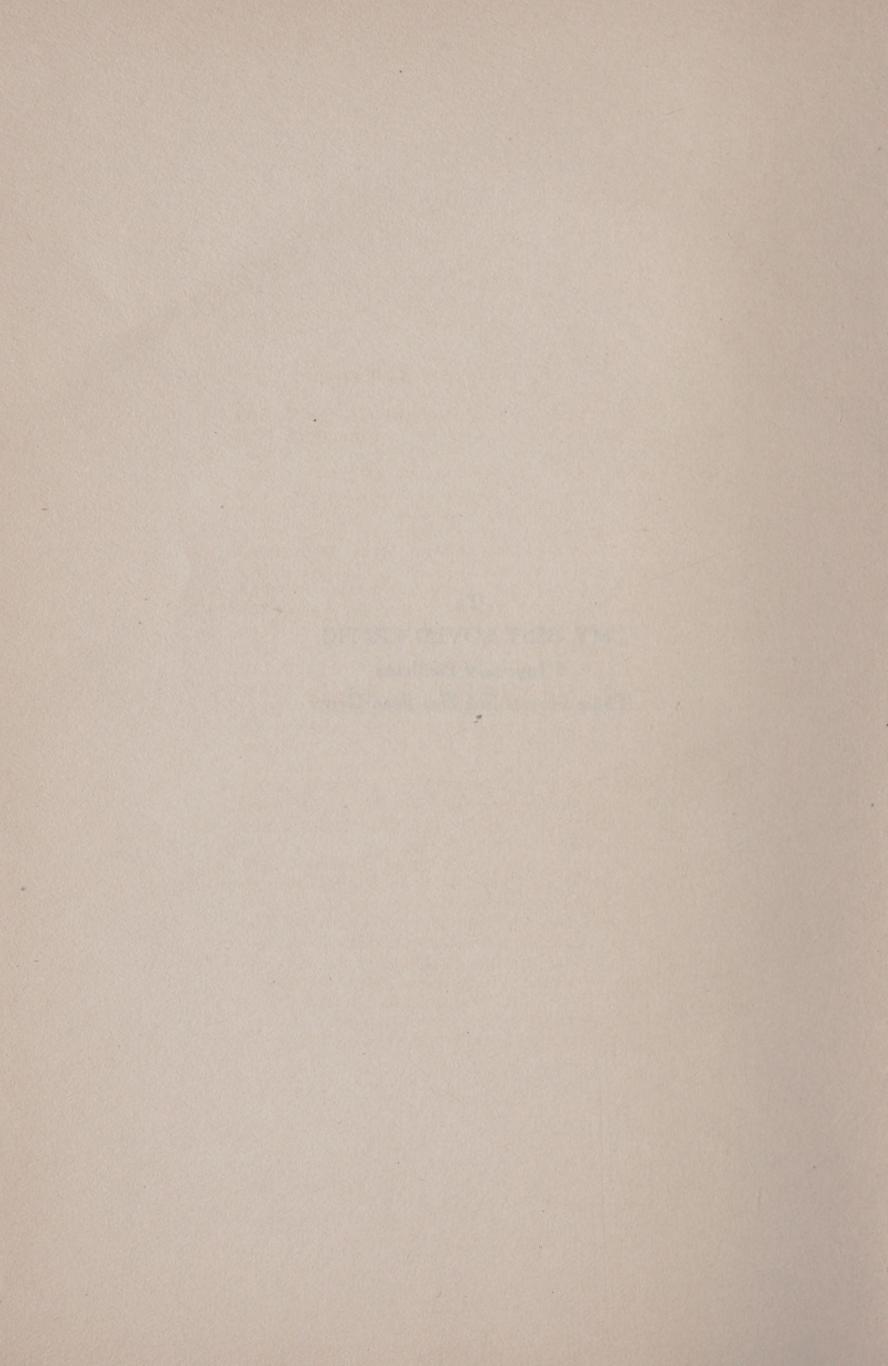
| His Baltimore Madonna | 7 |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Imprisoned | 27 |
| The Girl in Garnet | 37 |
| His Little Nest for Two | 50 |
| The Woman's Soul Had Changed | 59 |
| The Clytie's Passenger | 71 |
| A Half-Tone Flirtation | 84 |
| Chased by the Barye Lion | 90 |
| "My Violet" | 102 |
| The Surrender of Adoniram J | 110 |
| "The Same Old Story" | 120 |
| The Rosary from Montmartre | 129 |

 To

MY BEST-LOVED CRITIC

I Joyously Dedicate

These Stories She Has Seen Grow



His Baltimore Madonna.

When Jack got through at the Johns Hopkins his father, the Judge, told him he could spend a summer abroad. Probably the old gentleman, sitting in the library of his country home up in the Blue Ridge, thought that the lad might put in some more months of hard study at Heidelberg or Bonn. But Jack very promptly knocked that in the head by writing to "the Governor" that he was about due for a good time. He asked for cash and, when he got it, attached himself to a jolly crowd of college men, who, for the fun of it, elected to go "across the briny" as cattle-feeders on a Johnston liner, and left Baltimore the day after Jack and a large batch had paraded up in cap and gown to hear Dr. Remsen say: "By the authority of the trustees of this University I hereby admit you to the degree of Bachelor of Arts and to all the honors, rights and privileges unto that degree appertaining.'

After London had been reached and headquarters established in one of the hundreds of boarding-houses clustered around the British Museum and so liberally patronized of Americans, the varied tastes of the half dozen young fellows asserted themselves. One found inspiration after inspiration in the East End, watching the working out of humanitarian schemes for the uplifting of

the submerged tenth. Another was ever on the qui vive for adventures, a third liked the suburbs and a fourth patronized Irving and Mrs. "Pat" Campbell from a seat in the pit. But Jack had some artistic taste innate in him, and it was but a day or two before he had turned his steps to Trafalgar square and buried himself in the National Gallery; which action led to his obtaining his first glimpse of a face that was to play

some part in his future.

The face was on a small canvas in a small and comparatively insignificant room of the gallery. The catalogue said that it was a Madonna, but there was no babe in the picture, nor did any gilded aureole surround the head in the customary style of Catholic pictures of the Virgin. Nothing but a woman's face, in a strong but not garish light, the exquisiteness of which was made to stand out by a quiet background and a hood of dainty blue shade, drawn close under the chin in such fashion as to almost conceal the glossy dark hair which hung over the forehead. The woman was young, and in her countenance the artist seemed to have been intent upon conveying all the innate purity, sweetness and sacredness of young womanhood. There was naught insipid, naught jarring. All was exquisite and adorable. And Jack, with the chivalric devotion of youth for such a type, stood long before the canvas. The dark eyes looked out at him with much realism from beneath dark eyelashes and the cheek and chin were painted to convey a very lifelike idea of the softest satin skin.

"What a pleasure it would be to know a girl of such purity and nobility of character!" thought he, with the sentiment of 21. The catalogue told him that the artist had been a Seventeenth Century Italian known as "Il Sassoferrato," and Jack, with the characteristic humor and flippancy of young America, immediately fixed the name in his memory by associating it with "Sausage-forus-two," and resolved to go to the British Museum, get out innumerable volumes and learn more of the painter and, if possible, of his model.

The next morning he was back at the National Gallery. Vainly he had tried to persuade his companions that they were missing a glimpse of an angel. thoughts ran on so swiftly that he almost fancied himself the discoverer of a new genius, and in consequence began to feel a proprietary right in the two-bythree canvas. It was his Madonna henceforth, and with an absorbed air that must have proved amusing to other gallery visitors, he gave up an hour to its critical study-first sitting on a couch to get a square front view at some distance, then moving up to the railing, then to the right, then to the left.

As he went out he stopped at a table near the door, and for sixpence purchased a small photograph of Sassoferrato's work. He did not show it to the others, and that afternoon he went along the Strand, hunted up an art dealer, and for a larger sum purchased a good engraving of it, which he sent home that night to his mother in the mountains of Maryland, accompanied by a letter in

which he asked her to have it framed and hung in a prominent place. "Such a sweet, adorable soul as there stands forth luminously," he wrote, "calls forth the best and noblest impulses of all but the most abandoned of men. I know you will agree with me that the most interesting study of man is womankind, and that there is much to be learned of character in this countenance."

His mother framed the picture.

II.

On the last Sunday before their departure for Paris, the Johns Hopkins party rode out on the top of a 'bus to Hampton Court Palace. It was a glorious summer day. Crowds lined the banks of the Thames, the gardens were plentifully peopled, many got lost in the famous maze, and hundreds walked through the historic State Apartments, whose walls were hung with portraits and pictures by the old masters.

In the room in which Henry VIII. had slept Jack had a very decided surprise. The guidebook told him that there was a Sassoferrato there, a Mary Magdalene, and eagerly he looked up its corresponding number on the wall. It was with an evident shock that he found the Madonna face of Trafalgar square masquerading as the Magdalene face at Hampton Court. Absolutely the only marked difference between the two pictures was the fact that the model had worn a scarlet instead of a blue hood. The mouth was more mutinous, the glance more alluring, but the model had evidently been the same.

No man can be more grieved than a

youth whose ideals are suddenly overthrown or whose dreams are hastily upset in such fashion, and for several days Jack was dreadfully blue. But that same youth which gave him ideals also gave him hope and buoyancy, and not a week passed before he was entering with as much zest as usual into the Parisian ad-

ventures of the party.

Then came another blow. Sassoferrato was represented in the Louvre by several pictures. They were all of the same model, not so plain of purpose as the Magdalene, not so pure as the Madonna, but as insipid a group of faces as can well be fancied; no character, no firmness, no animation—nothing save Italian baby-doll prettiness. Standing in front of one of them one day, sorrowing, Jack was surprised to hear one say in his ear, in French:

"Pretty woman, monsieur, but a termagant, and terribly wild."

He turned and glanced at the stranger. It was an oldish man of a German-Jew-ish type, with kindly glance and thoughtful countenance.

"How do you know, sir?" replied Jack to the remark. "Is it simply your read-

ing of character in this picture?"

Somehow or other the man's laugh grated on Jack's sensibilities. "Read a woman's face! The wisest men in that are dullards, sir. A woman's character is not unfathomable, but five years are required in preparations to throw out a line. Mon dieu, monsieur, do not, I beg, put your trust in a woman's countenance. What I know of Sassoferrato's model can be read by every student of art his-

tory. It is the same story as that which clouded many another painter's life."

Jack had met the type of his companion often before in the Peabody Librarybookwormish, enthusiastic on the past, a failure in the present, adoring his own hobby, studying day after day on it, yet writing nothing, earning nothing, doing nothing; probably loving nothing more human than the dust of his old tomes. It was possible that this old man was a veritable Bayle of painters' anecdotes, and so Jack, who had never carried out his plan of reading up on Sassoferrato, was delighted at the opportunity, and eagerly pressed upon the stranger to leave the Louvre for a bottle of wine at a nearby cafe. In a few moments they were seated at a little table on the sidewalk in front of a trim restaurant on the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau.

There, over the vin rouge, Jack listened to the career of Sassoferrato's model. "Did you ever hear of Therese Levasseur?" his companion asked. The name seemed familiar. "Do you not recall the spiteful, uninteresting creature who for years tormented the famous French philosopher after whom this street is named?" In an instant all the stories of Rousseau's intimacy with the seamstress who was made notorious by it flitted across Jack's imagination. Then the old antiquary, delving down into his "story-house," made the youth acquainted with a very much similar tale, in which Sassoferrato and his Madonna model were the central figures. It was a story that disgusted while it interested. She of the saintly expression was but a drunken, brazen creature, whose face

had been etherealized by those gifts which God had given the artist who was her lover. Their quarrels were rare gossip in the Rome of their day. Once, in maudlin frenzy, she had hurled a washbowl at one of the artist's canvases, and the destruction of his work had so enraged Sassoferrato that he had thrown a knife at the virago and laid her cheek open in an ugly way. To this and much more Jack listened mechanically. It was as if he were undergoing torture, and so painful was it all that he almost forgot to thank his companion when they exchanged cards and parted after the wine was drunk.

III.

That night the Baltimoreans went to the Bal Bullier, the renowned students' ball in the Latin Quarter. The frolic and riot were new to the party, and enjoyable. Such a motley assemblage of grown people, behaving like children, was not seen every day, and the pranks, the loud jests and the wild dancing were drunk in with interest.

"Vous donnez vous de garde, messieurs. Voici la belle douce."

The voice was loud and imperative and the crowd good-naturedly parted. Through the gap Jack could see the cause of commotion. Two athletic-looking students were hauling a girl down the slippery floor, the trio evidently bent on tripping up the unfortunate ones who were not quick enough in getting out of their way. The girl's little feet plowed along with rapidity and her slender body just skimmed the floor as she leaned back and trusted to the

strength of the two boisterous fellows who held her by her hands, one on each side. A fat Frenchman, with a tall dark woman, drew unwarily into the cleared space. The mischief-makers saw them, the escorts veered their way, the girl saucily poked her foot further from under her laces and dexterously, very dexterously, inserted it between the fat man's feet. The fat man tottered and fell, his partner toppled against one of the two students, the girl rose to her feet with the agility of a swan, and, as the surrounding crowd shrieked with laughter, she kicked the fat man's silk hat into the air with the deftness of an M. A. C. punter.

In a moment she had whirled around in search of new amusement and her face was turned toward Jack. Jack was staggered.

The girl's face was that of the Seventeenth Century Madonna, his Madonna! She espied the group of young Americans. Her two friends had rejoined her, leaving the fat gentleman to lonely but deep imprecations.

"Voila les Anglais," said the girl.

Yvette Guilbert had made popular in the cafe chantants just then a song, quite in her style, about English prudery. This harum-scarum lassie of the submerged section of Paris now started the chorus, and, as the by-standers chimed in, she joined hands with a half dozen of them, and made a whirling, grinning circle around the Hopkins boys. It was the "Ring Around the Rosy" of their childhood days, only the spirit of childish innocence was not in this mad car-

magnole. The Americans stood like sheep. One of them had tried to break the circle, but "La belle douce" had held firmly to the hand of the girl next to her and laughed "Vous ne pouvez pas"

with defiant glance.

The volatile mob presently found enjoyment in another corner. The ring broke. Nearly every one flitted away, and Jack found the girl standing alone near him. When she was still for a moment to gather breath after her romp he saw that her face had more of the Hampton Court Magdalene than of the London Madonna. Eyes were beautiful, eyelids and lashes long and dreamlike, but the mouth more rebellious, the teeth more set, while the countenance, as a whole, though innocent, was decidedly more animated. It was as if some divine mistake had been made, as if in awakening the body to life, another soul, a hurtful soul, had been breathed into it.

"Votre mouchoir, s'il vous platt."

Her voice was alluring in its sweetness. It was easy to see why she was so well known in the Latin Quarter as "La belle douce."

"Pardonnez moi?" Jack said, mechanically, not knowing, in his queer mad-

ness, what she had said to him.

"Bah, you stupide!" she replied, as she drew closer to him and plucked his silk handkerchief from an upper pocket. "You English are so slow. Not like my gallant Parisians, ma foi!"

When she had used the silk to cool her flushed cheeks she put it in her bosom. She did it so artlessly that Jack

was not quite sure he had ever owned the kerchief.

"It is warm tonight. You shall buy me a drink." And, inserting her hand between his folded arm in a confiding manner she leaned close to him as she led him to the artificial palm garden in one corner of the room.

"What will Mademoiselle have?" said

Jack, suggestingly.

"Bring us beer," she said to the waiter. "Don't call me Mamselle," she said to Jack. "Everybody who knows me calls me Celeste. The men who paint me sometimes call me Madonna. The men who tire me by loving me call me diabolique. But you don't think so, mon Anglais?" She leaned across the table and her breath fanned his cheek.

"Do not call me English," he said, as he gazed full into her eyes. "I am Amer-

ican."

"Vous etes un Americain? Vous etes cet homme qui brisait Monte Carlo?"

"No, I am not the man who broke the bank."

"But you could?"

"Ma foi, if you looked any more en-

trancing, I would, little sprite."

The waiter had brought the beer and gone away. "I cannot sit still," the girl cried, "I hate to do as other people do." And with a light leap she had seated herself on the table with her feet on the bench at Jack's side.

"Kiss me now."

Jack kissed her. She seemed like a child to him in her artlessness. And as she sat there and prattled to him with the sprightliness of vivacious girlhood he

dearned that she was from Provencal; that her mother had been a model, and her life spent in the ateliers and cafe chantants. She was but 18, though she looked older. Her voice at times had that huskiness which long use of cigarettes often produces.

Jack was in a peculiar frame of mind. Here was his Madonna in the flesh. He was attracted by her, yet he shrank from her. His ideals were too recently shattered to have become entirely dissipated, and he could not think of giving his affections to a girl whose every word told him what kind of a girl she was and would probably always be. A certain practical element which his nature had inherited with its tinge of romance prevented him from giving play to foolish fancies about taking the girl out of this life. He liked this particular girl, though he loathed her for having a saintly face which had become enwrapped in his sentimental aspirations.

Suddenly the girl leaned over and gazed at him earnestly. "You don't like me," she said with an abruptness that seemed characteristic of her. Jack protested, but Celeste was too quick-witted for him. "Sometimes you do, sometimes you don't. I can read it in your eyes. Sometimes you feel like dashing me to the ground. Then you feel as if you could adore me. Why don't you?"

They were interrupted just then. One of the tall students who had been pulling Celeste through the ballroom returned and when he saw Celeste with the American visitor, glowered with rage. Advancing threateningly on Jack, he ges-

ticulated excitedly and asked him how he dared steal his inamorata. Jack was about to answer when Celeste interrupted.

"Go away, you great booby," she said to the irascible French lad. "Can't I talk for two minutes to a stranger? I want no more to do with you. I hate you."

The brutality of the garcon's nature asserted itself. Thrusting his long finger into Celeste's face, he called her names in vigorous fashion and in a high-pitched screaming voice. Celeste's reply was a torrent of the same sort. Boulevard terms, phrases of the Quartier Latin, which Jack sensed rather than really understood, poured forth in volume from her mouth. The Madonna face had vanished. In its stead was the inflamed and distorted countenance of a fury, a woman almost a tigress.

Jack was horrified. Idols had gone smash that night. Illusions were punctured.

A moment later Celeste added physical assault to verbal attack. She leaped upon the French lad, dug into his cheeks with her nails, grappled with him and attempted to bite him. The youth struck out at her, with no thought of her sex. The crowd that had been attracted by the invective and the scrimmage grinned uproariously. Jack felt it his duty to stop the fight. He disengaged the girl's hands and pulled her away from her antagonist. She had not expected any such interference. When she saw that it was Jack who was holding her she freed her right hand swiftly and struck him a stinging blow in the face. Jack released

her involuntarily, and she sprang back at the French lad. Jack grappled with her again, this time with more force. Some of the managers of the ball, who had appeared through the crowd, aided him, while others drew off the jealous Parisian. Jack relinquished his grip upon Celeste, but the others held her and took her with them. As they dragged her away she upbraided Jack with the same vehemence she had before used to the other fellow. "Craven," "coward" and "poltroon" were mild designations compared with some of the boulevardese with which Jack was bombarded. Her last taunts before she got out of earshot Jack never forgot.

Leaving the ballroom dazed, he spent a mad night in walking the streets of Paris, reviewing the hour of his acquaintance with Celeste and readjusting his moral equilibrium to the changed conditions brought about by his untamed Madonna. He was, without comprehending it, an older and wiser man when he entered the portals of the hotel just as the fruit vendor at the corner was opening his kinck for the day's business.

his kiosk for the day's business.

The next day he left Paris.

IV.

Six months later he boarded a St. Paul street car in front of the Baltimore and Ohio Building. It was a cold, crisp February afternoon, and as he made his way to a seat his eye was attracted by the sable furs worn by a girl in a dark-green tailor-made suit who sat opposite. Jack sat down, unfolded his paper and was about to read it when, for the first time, he was in a position to see the face

of the girl in the furs and broadcloth.

Again he had met with the Madonna.

The countenance of his vis-a-vis was that of the Sassoferrato paintings, but with a difference. There was naught of that abandon and boldness subtly suggested in the Magdalene picture and more openly expressed by Celeste of Bal Bullier memory. Nor, on the other hand, was there the simpering sweetness of the London Madonna. This time he had a third variety to fix his attention—a face in which the purity and appealing beauty that had first won him was illumined by the animation that accompanies frank, open-minded, healthy, athletic, young American womanhood. Even in repose, as the girl glanced over an illustrated magazine, the brightness and piquancy were too well suggested to be falsely forecast. Here was no placidly saccharine mediaeval demoiselle, but the Twentieth Century, up-to-date creature; the Madonna's beauty reincarnate in the American girl; the face of Sassoferrato's model set off by sable furs from Siberia and a hat from the latest Paris exhibit. It was, if one might be superlative, Sassoferrato's ideal idealized. Celeste, in the French capital, had repelled while she attracted; but to Jack there was no false note about this maiden in the Baltimore street car. She was the one he had so often pictured and dreamed of since that day when a chance visit to the British gallery had first jostled into active mental life his earlier confused, half-formed standards of feminine pulchritude.

It seems superfluous to add that, hav-

ing found her, Jack did not propose to lose his Baltimore Madonna, even if it demanded that he spy out her home. Fortunately for his conscience, the task was an easy one. As the car swung from Calvert into Read street, the girl, who had never once looked at him, or indeed at other masculines in the car, gathered up a couple of parcels, signaled the conductor and got off at St. Paul street. Jack was ahead of her in alighting, then stopped to scratch a match for his cigar. A biting wind came down Read street, and the girl, drawing her furs closer, started on a little run up St. Paul and plumped into one of the houses on the west side. It was near the dinner hour, and Jack had little doubt that she lived there and was returning home. Without further delay he boarded the next car and continued to his own home.

For three days he made himself a nuisance to his friends in a steady effort to discover some one who knew the Madonna and would introduce him. His ingenuity invented methods that made him surprised at his own wit. One of his first steps was to pore intently over a copy of the Society Blue Book in order to find how many people he knew in the St. Paul-street block. He found six. Five did not know the girl or even her name. The sixth, caught on the wing after a hard search, supplied this last, but could not help Jack further. She was Miss Evelyn Haliburton, he said. Her father, now dead, had been a wholesale flour merchant. The girl had been educated away, and had only returned

the previous autumn and was therefore not widely known.

Another week and Jack could not report further progress. The elation that had followed his discovery of her identity had made way for bitter discouragement. He felt that he would never know her. Then, all at once, the way was cleared and by accident. An invitation to a box party to see Sothern and Julia Marlowe at the Academy, accepted after some doubts, introduced him to several girl friends of his cousin. The second to whom he was presented was Miss Haliburton. Jack was so surprised and overjoyed that he actually stammered as he took the tips of the whitegloved hand she extended to him. Stammering was rare with Jack. He got over it soon, however, and was soon chatting eagerly with the Madonna.

Before the party broke up that evening their acquaintance had progressed very satisfactorily to Jack. They had discovered a number of mutual friends, but most of all a number of similar tastes, a liking for certain pictures, for certain books, for certain corners of Europe. She was just out of Bryn Mawr; he had finished that same June at the The Johns Hopkins. fellow-college spirit added a touch that accorded well with the ideas of both. A book, one much discussed just then, enabled Jack to get permission to call on St. Paul street. He had the book, she wished to read it.

The theatre party was Thursday night. Jack's wishes suggested Friday night as a suitable time for the first call. Self-

control named Sunday afternoon. Jack compromised on late Saturday afternoon. He found some girl friends with Evelyn. There was little opportunity to advance their acquaintance. Mrs. Haliburton came in and wise Jack began a campaign to win her liking by an earnest talk, practically ignoring the younger women. As he left, he invited mother and daughter to enjoy Nat Goodwin with him at Ford's Tuesday night. The mother accepted.

"A very sensible young man," said Mrs. Haliburton as the door closed on Jack. "I always liked the Judge." Evelyn said nothing. The other girls were still there.

As the winter waned their acquaintance ripened into friendship and from friendship grew to such an intimacy that Jack was almost a daily caller. Books and pictures and such impersonal topics had long ago been overtopped by the stronger clash and study of likes, dislikes, purposes and ambitions. There was a hearty comradeship between the two, which found fullest expression when—with the passing of the snows and the winds-the theatre, the afternoon tea, the picture dealer, the little downtown luncheon were supplanted by a full measure of outdoor life. Nothing suited both so well as an afternoon stroll in a quiet sentimental spot, and the squirrels in Wyman Park, the rabbits in the forest behind Woodland Hall and the birds along the Gwynn's Falls millrace learned to know Jack and Evelyn.

Jack was undeniably in love with Evelyn. In addition to his joy at having found his ideal Madonna vivified, each

day revealed some new trait or impulse that aroused his admiration and endeared her more than ever. And yet, in spite of all this warm glow, he did not speak the final word. There were nights when he lay awake for hours and tried to reason down his doubts, but kill them he could not. With all his adoration of Evelyn's sweet, beautiful face, with all his appreciation of her fine qualities, he could not forget that the same features had been borne by Celeste and centuries before her by the virago Sassoferrato had painted upon canvas. It was deeply humiliating to him to think of the three women in the same train of ideas, but Jack simply could not help himself. Ashamed at his thoughts, eager to cast them aside, he could not bring: himself to the point of accepting Evelyn. without reserve. His university instruction in biology had hammered theories of heredity into him. His nature was prudent and cautious. His brief experience with Celeste had driven home the disillusionment engendered by that old antiquary's anecdotes of the painter and his model. He was a doubter of women, most of all of the one woman he held dearest. Without some strong lesson to again shock him and arouse the right estimate of a truly good girl he was likely to wreck his own and her happiness.

One day in June he called at her home to find Evelyn suddenly gone and Mrs. Haliburton excited and in tears. With volubility, but with many lapses in sequence and sense, the elder lady made him acquainted with what she called Evelyn's fatal madness. A letter had come that morning from some of the girl's father's

relatives down in Talbot county. She had spent some vacations there, and was attached to them. Now the household was stricken with a dreaded epidemic. Two members were down with a and likely to die. They could not get nurses or supplies. Harsh local health authorities had raised quarantine bars and panic-stricken neighbors were en-

forcing them. Evelyn had no sooner heard the dire news than she began to make preparations to go to the suffering household. Mrs. Haliburton had protested, but Evelyn's determination was unbreakable, and she had gone.

Jack turned down St. Paul street when he left the house, his head whirling with emotions. The dominant all-compelling one was of joy that Evelyn had proved herself his true ideal. Glory in her heroism had swelled the tide of adulation until his doubts were all engulfed.

Fifteen minutes later he was at Lightstreet wharf, only to find that there was
no boat to Easton for several hours. He
had made up his mind to reach her side
and ask that delayed question at once.
Here he was, daunted at the outset. His
disappointment was so evident that a
kindly clerk made a suggestion. Why
not use the long-distance 'phone if the
matter were urgent? Jack did not stop to
thank him. He was inside a booth in
three minutes. To his joy he found that
he could talk to the home of Evelyn's
relatives.

The Madonna answered the call herself after an intolerably slow exchange girl had lifted Jack out of the purgatory of waiting.

"Is that you, Evelyn?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Jack."

"Who?"

"Why, Jack! J-a-c-k."

"Oh! Jack— Say, Jack, don't lecture me. I'm not coming home yet, no matter what mother has said. My place is here. I found I was right when I got here. Poor Auntie!"

"I'm not lecturing you. I adore you

for it."

"You what?"

"I adore you."

"Oh! I thought you were 'phoning for mamma."

"Nonsense, little girl. I'm coming to you on the first boat."

"Don't do it, Jack. I don't need you."

"But I need you, Evelyn."

"You need me?"

"Yes, I want you to promise to marry me."

"Oh! Jack!"

Pause.

"Well, what's the answer?"

"The exchange girl's listening."

"I don't care."

"I can't tell you this way."

"May I come and get your answer?"

"Yes, come."

Jack had won his Baltimore Madonna.

Imprisoned.

She was young, she was romantic, she was whimsical. These qualities, combined with her undoubted good looks, made Margaret popular among the young men whom she called friends, but they likewise made her have odd fancies at odd times and do odd things that seriously annoyed and vexed her fond mother.

She was walking up Charles street on this occasion with a young man from Virginia. He had met her a few months before in Richmond, and with the usual result. He was distinctively young, and so he had not waited long after her return to Baltimore before he had appeared upon the scene, ready to monopolize much of her time and to fall back upon any excuse to prolong his stay beneath the same skies where dwelt his lady love. She was young, too, it must be remembered, and she was not averse to encouraging the attentions of this boyish Virginian, though his sway over her extended no farther than the outer portals of the temple in which her heart was kept securely guarded.

She glanced up at the lofty marble monument as they crossed Centre street from the St. James corner and entered Mount Vernon square. She had been living beneath the uplifted hand of this sculptured Washington all her life, but to her, as to every Baltimorean, there

IMPRISONED.

was a charm in the noble way in which the Doric column stood out great and white against the cerulean hues behind.

"What fun it would be to be shut up in that monument some night!" she suddenly exclaimed. "The Prisoner of Zenda" and a host of stirring dungeon tales flashed across her mind, together with newspaper stories of the man who was locked up 12 hours in a bank vault, or of a Hungarian nobleman who had some years before slept over night in a pew of the old Cathedral a few blocks away.

Her moods were his moods, and so he assented to the glorious novelty of the idea. "I didn't know you could go up into the monument," he said, with the ignorance of a soul which abided not in the home of terrapin and oysters.

"Oh, yes," she said, after she had shown him Cardinal Gibbons out for his afternoon walk with a portly clergyman, whose purple tie betokened that he, too, was of high church rank. "You pay an admission fee just inside that little door, and then there are 200 winding steps to climb to the top. The view is fine."

"Let's go up," he suggested. "It isn't too late to see it. The sun hasn't set."

She acquiesced, and together they passed between the open iron gates and up the pillared marble steps into the interior. A little man limped toward them and received from George the necessary fee. Then, after pointing the way to the winding stone stairway, he moved away with a hobble suggestive of rheumatism.

IMPRISONED.

Their mount to the top took some min-Occasional gas jets but dimly served to show them where to plant their feet, and their upward progress was Margaret's fresh laughter and George's boyish voice rumbled echoingly up and down the stone interior with a hollowness that was repressive, until George, with the exuberance of youth and a talent of mimicry, which was one of his best points, recalled to his companion the adventures of Frank Daniels when supposed to be imprisoned in the pyramids in the last act of that melodious old opera, "The Wizard of the Nile." "Am I a wiz?" he said, comically "I wish" came to them reminiscent. from above. "Gee whiz!" said the deeper but more irreverent echo from below. At least those were the interpretations which fanciful Margaret put upon the reiterant sounds.

And so with laughter, and trifling, and jest, they at last came to the top and passed out into the open air upon the marble balcony that circles the cap of the column nearly 200 feet above ground. The pedestrians coming from downtown seemed like pigmies as they proceeded through the square past the Wallis statue and the fountain. The skies were blue and the air had the crispness and exhilaration of an exquisite October day. In the West the sun was sinking in a mass of glowing tints. Its beams glistened like burnished gold in the thousands of windows offered to it from the houses and buildings of Northeast Baltimore, and its immediate surroundings presented a gleaming background, against

IMPRISONED.

which were outlined with distinctness the scores of tall church spires in the goodly northwestern section. Margaret pointed out the spots she knew in this city of her birth, showed him the blue harbor, with its shipping, its elevators, its two old forts; the City Hall and Postoffice and the skyscrapers that hid most of the burnt district; the gilt dome of the Cathedral; off in the east the dull red group of Johns Hopkins Hospital buildings, and nearer at hand to the west the unaesthetic series of University buildings.

When the resources of her knowledge of local geography had been exhausted she repeated to him that pleasant fiction of the possibility of seeing the national capital from there on a clear day, and together they strained their vision into the southwest, while the huge statue above them smiled down at them, so it is believed, in a knowing way. One little gloved hand rested on the marble coping, and George laid his own upon it, half hesitatingly, as if afraid of meeting with the coy denials which had so often been his lot. But the feeling that they were alone together so far from the rest of mankind moved her heart to be kind, and she passively submitted.

As she leaned over the coping and looked down into the west square the bronze Barye lion gazed up at her. Her fancy was at once in play. "Only imagine, George," she said, turning to him; "that lion looks as malignant as though

he had us imprisoned up here."

"What queer ideas you have," he retorted, with a laugh. "Didn't you say it

would be glorious to be imprisoned in this tower?"

"It would be, but what would the people at home say if, in reality, we were caught up here? Let's go down at once," drawing herself together as though half frightened at her own thoughts. "The

sun has quite gone down."

She led the way into the interior, and they began to descend slowly the dark, winding stairway, feeling their way with their hands along the wall. Thirty or forty feet below the landing a gas jet had been well lit when they had passed up. Now it was flickering with but a blue flame, which went out as they neared it. Twenty or thirty feet below that there had been another. This one was out.

"Maybe we really are shut in," said Margaret, stopping to turn back to George.

"Nonsense!" he said, reassuringly, as he put his arm about her. "Let's hurry on."

In spite of his bold front, the idea had occurred to him that the man in charge of the monument was turning off the gas from below, unwilling on account of his rheumatism to climb the steps to the top and definitely ascertain whether they had gone. This opinion was confirmed when he found no more illumination below. In fear they tried to hasten down the spiral steps in the inky darkness, but could not. She became giddy with the curve of their descent and he excited at the prospect that they were to be locked in there for the night. Twice she stumbled and was only saved

from a disastrous fall by his arm. This increased their alarm.

Their fears had only been too true. When they reached the bottom-it seemed an hour-black and dungeon-like everything was. The doors leading out into the air were evidently all closed, for not a ray of the fading daylight penetrated to where they stood. George felt in his pocket and was lucky enough to find half a dozen matches. One of these he lit. Their surroundings were "enough to give one the creeps," as George afterward described it in his homely way. Walls once white, now dirty drab, stared at them on every side. A big plaster copy of Houdon's Washington looked like a majestic ghost in the light of the match. A pile of rubbish in one corner suggested mice and rats, and similarly disagreeable things, while boxes and chests lying around promiscuously made Margaret think of a cemetery vault. She shuddered and as the match went out gave a little scream. George quickly renewed his precarious light. With this he proached the keeper's desk and was lucky enough to find thereon a candlestick with a piece of candle in it. This, being lit, made their immediate surroundings a trifle less gruesome, but threw odd shadows upon the walls.

"Sit down a moment somewhere," said

George, "I'll try the doors."

"I'll go with you," replied Margaret, with a promptness evidently inspired by a dread of being left alone. So with her arm tucked into his and the candle in his disengaged hand, they made a cir-

cuit, trying the lock of the iron door in each of the four sides. Those on three sides were locked and bolted, but the fourth, the one on the east, was only bolted from the inside.

"Now we're all right!" cried George, gleefully, preparing to open the door, blow out the candle and make their exit.

"You forget there is a high iron railing," said she, with what seemed almost a sob. "I can't climb over that, and it isn't likely that one of the gates is unlocked, too."

"I'll find out if you'll wait."

"Don't leave me," she said, clutching

"It will only be for a moment. People will think it queer if they see us both out there inside the railing."

"And you'll come back just as quick

as ever you can?"

"Why, of course, little one," he replied cheerfully. To him scaling the fence would have been child's play, and, boylike, he didn't enter fully into the fears which consumed her. She shielded the candle from possible draughts, and he swung open the iron door and stepped In a few seconds he was back out. again. "Not one open," was his report. "I shall have to climb over the fence and find a policeman or some one to unlock a gate for you."

"I can't stay here in this dungeon," she cried. "Let me go outside."

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "People are constantly passing on their way home from business or shopping, and if you were seen the story would be every-where in a twinkling. You stay inside.

I'll be back in a jiffy. You know that. You know I'd give my life for you." This was with an assumption of seriousness that made him seem years older than his boyish face had indicated. "I'm going to get you out of this scrape without hav-

ing people talk about you."

"I believe you," she said simply, with eyes glistening, touched more than she was willing to admit by his manner, and affected, as she felt, in the same fashion as those ladies of old for whom valiant champions fought to life or death in the armed joust. She gave him her hand. He bent over and kissed it, and then as he looked up the affection was so genuine that the kiss was repeated on her cheek, with no evidence of unwillingness to receive it.

"Au revoir for a moment or two," he said lightly, his heart swelling, and then with a final handclasp he had opened the door and was gone. A tumult of emotions possessed her, more than had ever stirred her before. Fear of being alone, excitement at the adventure, love for him, all heaved within her. She opened the door an inch or two, and peeped through the crack thus made, to see her new-found hero clambering with agility over the iron railing and then disappearing rapidly across the asphalt toward Mount Vernon Church.

To her the time before his return seemed hours. As a matter of fact, five minutes had gone by. But she was terrified beyond measure. Shadows danced fantasucally on the walls as the candle flickered, and she almost fancied that Washington leered at her from his pedestal. This imagined act of flirtation on

the part of the staid Father of His Country so unnerved her that she again opened the door with the idea of going out and crouching down on the steps behind one of the pillars in order to escape the notice of passers-by. But the twilight had not yet deepened into the darkness of night, and this hope was futile. draught caused by the door being ajar caught the candle-light and nearly extinguished it. She shut the door hurriedly, and turned to the candle, affrighted. She had no matches, and if it had gone out she would have been alone in those dark, almost cavernous, depths. Her uneasiness was by no means reassured when she saw that the candle had burned quite down to the socket. George was so awfully slow! Maybe he had been arrested for trespassing. Maybe he had found that the keeper lived in another part of town.

As she meditated thus there came to her the sound of footsteps outside. They were welcome indeed, and the girl jumped hastily and threw open the door, George was coming to her and behind was a blue-coated policeman. She joyfully extended her hand to the former, and, with an excess of gratitude born of her relief from nervous tension, she leaned over his shoulder to thank the officer. It was the policeman who patrolled the neighborhood of her home on Park avenue. "You have saved me from a very unpleasant affair, Mr. Dempsey," she said to him, warmly, "and I shall never forget it."

"It was a very nasty little pickle you were in, Miss Margaret," Dempsey re-

plied, "and I'm thankful I chanced to be provided with an extra key and can let you out."

"I trust you will not say anything about it to anyone at home," pursued Margaret, "nor to anyone else."

"Of course not, Miss; I'm mum."

"Has any other person ever been in a like predicament?" asked George.

"Only a young man some three or four years since. He climbed the fence, and then came to find me to bar the door."

"It's very careless doings," said George,

with the wisdom of twice his age.

"That it is, sir. But the old man's rheumatism has been pretty bad. Now, you two just run along and I'll fix this all right."

Two or three persons looked at them curiously as they passed around inside the railing to the north gate. George felt amply rewarded for his pains by a little squeeze of the hand which the girl gave him as he held the gate open for her. When she had stepped once more into freedom Margaret turned to look at the Barye lion.

"It still thinks it has us treed," she said to George, with a return of her former mirth.

The Girl In Garnet.

It was Christmas eve, and the big "Pennsy" train shed at Jersey City was more than full that afternoon as Lawrence Harding led the rush off a Cortlandt-street ferry-boat and made his way to take the Congressional Limited for home. He had been away from home for a week, and there was a certain little girl on Preston street—but she doesn't belong to this tale.

The gate to Platform 5 was open, and two score of people were pushing to get through at once, nearly all laden with holiday gifts that added to the vexations. Ahead of Lawrence in the crowd was a petite girl in a suit of garnet, with a hat of ermine and a "pillow" muff and scarf of the same fur. Above the neckpiece a few strands of blonde hair strayed. She seemed in the company of an elderly couple, who, from their dress and appearance, were unmistakably foreigners. They were provoked at the jostling and haste, and presently said something to the girl. But she was apparently more amused than otherwise, for Lawrence saw her shrug her shoulders and heard a low laugh. Just then a swarthy Italian, with an extra large bundle, jabbed her in the back with it, and she turned angrily. Her blue eyes flashed and her haughty manner would have cowed any one but an American

"dago." This particular one heeded not, his bundle was advanced with violence—that is, until Lawrence forcibly interfered. The Italian, when he had recovered, said something emphatic in Neapolitan. The girl murmured "Thank you" in the way one hears it accented in England. Her eyes had lost their fire. She struck Lawrence as a rather pretty and vivacious girl, young and plainly "smart."

Their Pullman seats were for the same car as his; Lawrence noted that as they passed through the gate. And, as he paced the platform with a cigarette, for the minute before leaving time, he was already turning over schemes whereby he might again hear the girl say "Thank you" and perhaps some words more. It promised to be a not uninteresting

journey.

The girl's elderly escort emerged from the car. He was perturbed. To the porter he said something in German. Lawrence remembered just enough of Professor Raddatz's teaching to know it was an inquiry about baggage. The negro had never acquired the Kaiser's language. He simply stared. Then, as the Teutonic gentleman repeated, he pointed toward the gate. It was a mere helpless guess, but it started his inquirer, who hurried down the platform. He had hardly gone when the conductor called out "All aboard!" The porter took up the movable step and motioned to Lawrence to climb aboard. In the distance the German reappeared. The wheels began to move, the portly gentleman broke into a run. The wheels moved faster, the portly gentleman tried to

climb on the hindmost car, but the wide vestibule was closed. Lawrence's last view of him was of a very irate and corpulent senior gesticulating and pouring out his woes to station masters who could not understand him. Secretly, Lawrence was overjoyed at the turn of events.

Once inside the car he made his way directly to the girl.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he respectfully removed his hat, "but your escort has been left behind."

The girl half rose in her seat.

"You don't mean it?" she exclaimed. Then she told her woman companion in the next chair.

There was excitement and consternation in German, in which the older woman spoke of "Friedrich" and the younger one of "Baron." Lawrence told what he had just seen.

"What shall we do?" asked the girl in perturbation.

Lawrence explained that there was a slower express just behind. After some further colloquy the older woman accepted the situation with more resignation, and settled back comfortably in her seat. For the second time Lawrence was thanked, this time with increased volubility. Then it seemed to him best to seek his own seat.

He had a bundle of afternoon Gotham dailies, but with his head full of the girl he glanced at them only perfunctorily. They were more than ordinarily uninteresting, and after a few minutes he frankly laid them by and gazed across the aisle at the slip of an English girl,

who had a magazine in her lap and was gazing out at the Jersey flats. duenna appeared to be nodding. Presently she dozed. Then she slumbered.

The conductor came in at the forward end. "All tickets, please," he called. The girl turned in a startled way to Lawrence across the aisle. It was the third

time his help was welcome.

"You seem to be our good angel," she said, as he stepped over to her. "The fact is," she continued, with an embarrassed laugh, "the Baron-the gentleman-has our tickets."

Lawrence happened to be recognized by the conductor. He explained the predicament with earnestness and flu-

ency.

"It's against the company's rules," said the conductor, doubtfully. The girl was looking at him in pretty distress, and the "Captain" was only a man. "But I guess," he added, reassuringly, "that I can wire the train behind and have the tickets held for me."

Lawrence slipped into the Baron's vacant chair, and they talked quietly so as not to disturb the dragon, who had slept through the whole of this last scene. The girl's hair grew golden in the declining December sun. She confessed to him what he already suspected—that it was her first experience on an American railway. She praised the smoothness of the swift ride and the luxury of the "carriage," as she called it. But she complained that it was overheated.

"I was told that you always keep your houses like ovens in America," she said,

with an animation which captivated Lawrence, "but I did not know about your carriages."

Lawrence suggested a visit to the observation end. The girl frankly avowed her ignorance of what he meant. Lawrence explained. She glanced at her companion. "She's equal to an hour yet," she remarked mischievously. And

the young couple stole away.

There was no one on the rear platform. The girl voted it most enchanting. Lawrence wrapped her up snugly, after she had dropped down into a camp stool. His fingers touched the back of her hand, and the girl seemed to share the thrill that passed through him. They watched the receding tracks; they heard the trucks clatter over switches galore; they saw towns come and get left behind: Lawrence showed her Princeton on the hills to one side, and the girl told him of her younger brother, who was at Eton. She told him, too, something of herself, of her home in a quiet corner in Germany, of her school days in England, of theatres in London and Berlin. It was like a delightful hour with an American maid, only different. And the difference put a keen edge to Lawrence's enjoyment, already incited by the circumstances of their acquaintance and the knowledge that the hour was stolen. He tactfully displayed no curiosity as to the girl's identity. The only crumb of information that fell from her lips was that she had been sent to America with her two companions as a variation from the ordinary "finishing tour." Lawrence inferred that she must be a daughter of wealth, possibly of title, though the

democratic way in which the party was traveling hardly carried out these opinions.

It had grown dark when the Limited shot across the Delaware bridge, and reluctantly they started back to their chairs. In the narrow vestibule the girl suddenly asked whether they could get a hamper of food put aboard when the train made a stop. "Therein," said Lawrence, banteringly, "is another of our boasted American superiorities. Dinner is cooked and served on the train." The girl, in her ignorance, doubted him. As if emphatically to prove Lawrence a truth-teller, an ebony annunciator in white raiment passed them. "First call for dinner in the dining-car forward," he bawled into their ears. The girl laughed gaily. Then she vowed she was curious and would like to see it all. Her enthusiasm was schoolgirlish. A maid a couple of summers older would probably have pretended to a complete acquaintance with dinners on trains and have carried it off with aplomb.

"Listen," said Lawrence, hurriedly, detaining her a moment more. "Would you?—do you think we could? Just we

two?"

"Could what?" said Miss English.

"Why, take dinner with me. It will be so jolly, so 'larky,' as you say in London."

"I'd like to," answered the girl, drawing down her eyebrows, "but the Bar—my aunt may be awake."

She needed but little to persuade her.

Of that George was sure.

"Let us see whether Auntie is still

asleep."

The two, like children, peeped round the corner of the passageway into their car.

Auntie was still slumbering. "Come on," said Lawrence.

Together they passed up that car, tip-toed past the dragon and into the "diner." The girl gave a little exclamation of pleased surprise as she entered the car ahead. Lawrence had never seen the place look more pretty. The red-shaded candle lights shed a glow upon the spotlessly covered little tables at the windows and sprigs of red-berried holly reminded all that it was Yuletide. Two couples were seated, a brace of waiters moved up the aisle, and in the far end the cook could be seen in his narrow kitchen, silhouetted in the red gleam of his hot fire.

The girl steadily found new causes for enthusiasm during the hour they sat there. The rumbling of the wheels under their dining-room, the swaying of the car as a curve was rounded near Torresdale, the excitement of watching, in vain, to see a glass of water spill; the cook in his wonderful and compact headquarters—all this and 50 more things grown commonplace to Lawrence were novelties to her and afforded food for their light

and merry talk.

The menu was unusually good. It was, in fact, a holiday dinner, with turkey and cranberry sauce in the place of honor. Some of the American dishes and customs appealed to the girl; some did not. She scolded Lawrence for the Yankee habit of gulping ice water, even in mid-winter; she thought the Chesapeake

bay oysters heavenly; she preferred English sole to the fish that was served; she enjoyed the turkey and the Cape Cod berries; she toyed with the Roman punch and vowed it was delicious and she would like to take more of it, only it was strong. Her animation was so wholehearted and girlish that a couple at a table across, attracted at first by her accent, suspended their own chatter to enjoy her vivacity.

They had run into Philadelphia, had stopped and gone on again a score of miles when the girl grew consciencestricken at having forgotten her com-

panion.

"I hope she has not awaked," she said.
"I deserve to be scolded by her, for, after all, I am violating every canon of etiquette and good behavior by this tetea-tete. I must go back to her at once."

"Don't blame me, please," pleaded

Lawrence.

"How could I," was the reply, "when you have been so good and thoughtful? I shall never forget my first American railway journey. It has been such an enjoyment."

Her eyes became wistful. She was silent for a moment. Then she spoke hes-

itatingly:

Lawrence suggested a dinner for the old lady. The girl was again grateful for his thoughtfulness, but concluded her companion would prefer a light lunch. A

conference with the waiter, the suggestion of a sufficient pourboire from Lawrence, and a dainty supply of turkey sandwiches and olives and a pot of tea was arranged.

The duenna was awake and frowned forbiddingly when she saw Lawrence with the girl. The latter seemed a bit nervous, but carried off the embarrassment with hauteur. Lawrence could not understand what she said in German. but there was a certain subservience to be noted in the old lady's manner, and she presently seemed to acquiesce in the girl's explanations. "I told her how kind you had been," interpreted the latter to Lawrence. Then he was duly introduced and sat in the chair of him who had missed the train. Lawrence felt it would not have been such plain sailing with the fussy gentleman on guard.

A triangular conversation ensued, in which the girl was the receiving end for the other two. She was in high spirits as she talked to each in turn. Then the luncheon came and the old lady's capture was complete when she learned that Herr Harding had provided it for her. Lawrence thought it a wise move to efface himself for half an hour. In the smoking compartment every puff spread a halo around a brain picture of the girl. Lawrence was even almost angry at the interruption when the conductor dropped in to tell him that he had received word that the Baron was on the train behind, and that he was protected as to the tickets.

The train was crossing Gunpowder river bridge when the Baltimorean returned

to the two women. The girl was peering out into the darkness.

"What queer, broad streams you have here!" she said, when she had welcomed him with a smile.

"The haunt of the canvas-back duck," was Lawrence's reply, and he went on to tell them of the duck, the oyster and the terrapin, those prides of Maryland.

"And this is Maryland?" asked the

girl, rather dreamily.

"My Maryland," answered Lawrence,

simply.

The lights of Baltimore were on the left when Lawrence summoned up courage to ask what had been on his mind for some time. Might he not go on to Washington with them? "It would be a kindness to us," said the girl, tactfully. "You have been such a fine cavalier." A glance from her blue eyes made Lawrence's nerves tingle down to the tips of his toes.

The last hour seemed over far too soon. The girl led him on to talk of Baltimore, of his home, of himself. Some of it was translated for the third party, but for the most part the old lady was content to doze and let them gossip.

As the capital was neared Lawrence felt an almost imperceptible change in the girl's manner. It was not that she was any less cordial or any less evidently grateful for his courtesies. But there was a preoccupancy, a lapse now and then which betokened — so he thought—that she was turning something over in her mind. What it was she did not impart.

When he helped the two ladies from the

car in the depot two men approached, but seemed rather puzzled at finding Lawrence with them. One, a tall, blond chap, unmistakably British, wore a military overcoat. The other carried an opera hat in his hand and was plainly in evening attire beneath his outer garment. They bowed impressively.

"We are from the Embassy, Your

Highness," said one of them.

Lawrence was astounded. Here he had for hours been talking with a royal lady in woeful ignorance of her rank. He saw it all now. She was manifestly the Princess Adelaide Mary of Schwarzfusen-Knyphausen, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, of whose unexpected arrival in America the New York papers had made so much that morning. She was looking at him now with a strained expression, waiting in uncertainty to see how he was taking the revelation. For the life of him he could say nothing. The girl finally relieved the embarrassing silence by saying to the Embassy men:

"The Baron unexpectedly missed our train, and this American gentleman, Mr. Harding, has been most kind to us."

The men shook hands with him. Now that they understood his presence they were cordial.

Lawrence went with them as far as their carriage. The Baroness got in; the Princess hesitated. The two Britishers thoughtfully moved a couple of paces away. The Princess looked at Lawrence searchingly in the shadow of the arc light.

"I hope you forgive me my deception," she said, it seemed to him humbly.

"I do, I do," he vowed, earnestly.

"And try to forget this prank of a hoyden Princess," she continued.

"I shall never forget it," declared Law-

rence, earnestly.

The girl held out her little gloved hand. Lawrence took it. The handclasp was decided on the part of both. To Lawrence for the moment she was no princess; only again a fine little girl. His eyes moistened suspiciously as she drove off.

The ride back to Baltimore was a weird, confused nightmare to Lawrence. His brain was in a whirl with the surprising denouement to his journey, and his mental review of the five hours was only interrupted to devour every morsel of gossip about the Princess reprinted in The News from the metropolitan papers. Some of the misstatements were laughable; some directly at variance with each other. One "yellow" said she had been hurriedly sent to America to escape the importunities of an objectionable suitor. Another sheet declared that her up-todate father thought it would improve her to travel democratically in the Great Democracy. To Lawrence this explained the plain manner in which the party traveled.

The morning after Christmas there was a square envelope and a package on his desk when he entered his office, in the Equitable Building. He opened the latter first. It was a dainty match case of gilt. On it was a monogram—not his initials, but those of the Princess, "A. M." Tied to it was her card, on which she had written:

Christmas Eve. 1905; Congressional Limited.

The square envelope contained an invitation to a ball at the British Embassy in honor of Her Serene Highness. Lawrence went over, of course; but it gave him a pang to find how the girl was hedged about and shut in by conventions and formulas of precedence. She gave him his second hand-squeeze when he approached her in the receiving line, and later, when he stood his ground in a group of attentive attaches and resplendent uniformed young officers, her eyes danced with mirth as she told him she had kept a waltz for him. But in the dance she was distrait and preoccupied. An evident tear hung upon her lashes.

"What is it, Your Highness?" he asked

her.

"You gave me no title in the dining-car.

"To me then," he whispered fervidly,

"you were only 'little girl."

"I wish," she said tremulously, "I wish with all my heart I was just an American girl."

"I understand, little one," he said. Their dance had ended.

His Little Nest For Two.

The months after Mary Milbank had agreed to accept him were queer ones for Harry Tayloe. Sound, practical and ordinary circumunemotional under stances, he had become transformed by the love that had been born in him when he had met Mary one pleasant afternoon at the Baltimore Yacht Club. The doubts and tragic worries that had beset him in the months of wooing—the fears that he was foolish to seek the daughter of a man of reputed wealth-had given way to an exalted idealistic state when she had said "Yes." Presently his common sense began to reassert itself, and though Mary still wore a halo and Harry trod on air, he began to think of the little nest in which they would mate when married. He had saved a few thousands during his promotions in the Baltimore and Ohio Central Building, and it presently became his purpose to use this, with possibly a borrowed addendum, in the purchase and outfitting of a new home.

And then there came another idea. Why not keep the home a secret from Mary until they had been married, had honeymooned and come home again to Baltimore? It seemed to him that this would be simply delicious. He could picture the glad surprise she would have, and mentally he enjoyed in anticipation

her well-remembered ejaculations of pleasure and delight as, personally conducted by him, she would be introduced to each room, each nook, each corner. Even the coal bins would have a note of satisfaction in them, for would they not be hers and his?

The real estate columns in The News acquired a new reader from that day. Harry pored over the advertisements, and, sparing as many hours as he could from his office duties, he set out singlehanded to learn how little he knew about dwelling property. He absorbed several other bits of knowledge along with this recognition of his utter ignorance. He learned that real estate agents are a persistent tribe-all with tongues worn smooth and all wearing rose-colored spectacles. He advanced amazingly in knowledge of the geography of his native city. The respective merits of gas versus electricity, of hot air versus hot water, of hot water versus steam, of basement kitchen versus first-floor kitchen, were fully pounded into his head from both sides. He knew when a bathtub was porcelain and when it was only iron with a porcelain veneer. And such a variety of wall papers had been introduced to his notice by the time he finished his two hundredth dwelling that to his tired brain it seemed that Hades must be a garden in which wall-paper flowers reached their limit of luxuriant growth.

Just as he had about decided that a three-story swell-front of yellow Pompeilan brick on Mount Royal avenue was the best nest for Mary, it occurred to him to draw Mary out skilfully and get

her views without uncovering his purpose.

The result was a shock. Mary liked the suburbs.

She thought it was just lovely to have one of those picturesque cottages with green lawns on all sides and opportunities for tennis and croquet. No pent-up walls of Pompeiian brick for Mary. A cottage in the suburbs was a home.

Harry revised his ideas.

He spent six weeks in touring suburbs by steam and trolley. He roamed through Catonsville, Windsor Heights, Forest Park, Walbrook, Sudbrook, West Arlington, Ruxton, Mount Washington, Roland Park, Normandie Heights, Govans and places with fancy names, plowed thoroughfares, street signs and no cottages. Trolley and train conductors regarded him as going mad until they learned his mission. Then they looked at him pityingly and let him talk to them. And Harry was just wild to talk to some one and to ask questions. He was bursting with information, but he yearned for more. Twice he got what he thought would just suit Mary and himself, but both times the cup was rudely dashed from his lips. Once a calmly critical friend had reminded him that the cottage about to be selected was so remotely situated that he would have to get up at 5.30 and walk a half mile to a train in order to be at his office at the accepted hour. Harry had ridden to this spot from town in the carriage of a particularly winning agent. He winced when a different point of view was presented. That cottage was tossed off his

mind. The other was a perfect beauty, and Harry was for rushing the next morning to sign the deeds. But some one told him a harrowing tale of typhoid and lack of sewerage, and he abandoned it, too. A few weeks later an acquaintance bought it, and up to date, as Harry can swear, no one has had typhoid there. Harry thinks it looks severely healthy.

At last there was a Walbrook villa that escaped the darts of objectors. It was small and trim-looking; it seemed well-planned inside, the rooms were sunny and cheerful and there was lawn enough for tennis. It met Mary's ideas, as learned by pumping. It was 30 minutes to Harry's office by either line of cars. The agent said the steam heat installed was more than sufficient to battle with winter's winds. A doctor said he saw no reason why there should be typhoid. Harry bought it.

The next few weeks were spent in furnishing the nest. Harry was practical enough to know that Mary would change much of it when she was installed, and that she would add a thousand homelike touches. But he went ahead and bought furniture of the kind he liked and thought she did. There were not so many furniture stores in Baltimore as there were real estate agents, and Harry got along better. He also repapered some rooms by his own unaided ideas.

Their wedding had been fixed for June. In May, Harry, rabidly eager to tell Mary all about it, finally decided not to wait until the time when they were actually to live in it. A Sunday afternoon, the third in May, was selected to spring the great surprise. A couple of Mary's

girl friends, Harry's mother and sister and "Jimmy" Brett, who was to be the best man, were all let into the secret, and arrangements made for them to be at the Walbrook nest ahead of the hour when Harry would bring Mary there. Harry had got a promise from Mary that she would go with him that afternoon to make a call upon some friends in Walbrook whom he wished her to meet before their marriage. He was the gayest of mertals as he called at her Maryland-avenue home and for the thousandth time pictured her joyful surprise. He knew very well she would be overcome and turn to him and say "Oh! Harry" in a tearful voice.

They got off the North-avenue car at the corner below the nest, and Harry led the way along the sidewalk and then up the path to his cottage. His sister's face, beaming with fun, peeped out from a window. Brett could be seen back in the room. Mary had asked a lot of questions about these friends on whom they were to call, and had got fanciful answers. On the porch, instead of pushing the button, Harry turned the knob and opened the door. Inside his friends and her friends came forward in a laughing group. Harry looked at Mary, and her expression froze on his lips the words he was about to utter. His joyous castle in the air was smashed. Mary had divined the meaning of it all, and on her face a variety of emotions-none of them pleasing-struggled for mastery.

She turned to Harry.

"Did you buy this house for me?" she asked.

Harry nodded. Something in his throat prevented him from speaking. He wanted to put up his hands to his face and sob aloud in his bitter disappointment.

"Oh! I'm so sorry," said Mary, falter-

ingly.

"Why, you ought to be glad," said one of the girls back in the hallway.

"I know-I know-- But papa has

bought a house for us."

"A house for you two?" asked Harry's mother.

"Yes. At Roland Park."

"At Roland Park?" repeated Harry, as if he had not yet realized.

"Yes, at Roland Park, near the Coun-

try Club."

It seems ridiculous, but the one thing that popped into Harry's mind and stayed there was tennis.

"It's too hilly for tennis there," he

said.

"Tennis!" said Mary, with fine scorn. "What do I care for that when the Club grounds and the Club are so near?"

Mary was not a member, and she had been at the Club on invitation just about three times since Harry had known her. Her statement started anger brewing in him.

"I do not care for club life," he said.

"I prefer a home. This suits me."

"But surely," said Mary, opening her big eyes wider, "you don't prefer this to papa's gift? It's a fine cottage—so smart-looking and with a stable."

"We'll have to go horseless," was mar-

ry's grim comment.

"I wouldn't live in this place, anyhow," said Mary, recklessly, her own gorge ris-

ing. "I hate Walbrook. It's so far from everybody."

"It's nearer to town than Roland

Park."

"There's such an uninteresting ride."

"I don't think the scenery of Hampden booms the Roland Park cars," said Harry, caustically.

"But you don't have to transfer."

"You won't in Walbrook if you take

the Edmondson-avenue line."

"And ride past odorific garbage dumps!
No. thank you; not for me."

Harry made a renewed effort for

peace.

"Won't you look at the furniture and papering, Mary, dear? I selected them just for you—for our own little home." He gulped down a sob.

"There's no use. I don't like this house, nor anything in it. If you picked

this wall paper it's a nightmare."

Harry had picked it. He thought it

very fine.

"Do you mean to say, Mary," he asked, drawing a step nearer, "that you won't do as I wish and make this our home?"

"Do you mean to say, Harry Tayloe," retorted the girl, as she faced him with flashing eyes, "that you will not do as I say and accept father's gift? I think it perfectly splendid in him."

"I'm not denying his kindness," he said, "but you don't know how much this means to me. I've planned so long and had so many happy hours"—

"You ought to have told me. I was

after father."

"Then you won't come here and live?"

"No."

"Not for my sake?"

"I tell you no. I hate Walbrook."

Harry's pallor was ghastly.
"Very well," he said, quietly, "you

need not live here."

He turned to the others who had looked on in silence at what they knew to be a crisis. To Brett he said: "Jimmy, will you take Mary home?"

Mary seemed amazed.

"You don't mean, Harry" --- she began.

"I know just what I am doing," he replied. "There could be no happiness for us when you have shown so clearly that you give no thought to my desires, and when you have society cravings too limitless for me to humor.'

The girl's eyes filled. But she held her head back as she turned on the doorsill.

"Very well," she said. "Come, Mr. Brett." And so she passed out of Harry's house and Harry's life.

The others slipped away, all save Harry's mother, who put her arms about her son's neck without a word between them.

The News that week had three paragraphs that may be quoted. One was a notice in the society personals:

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Milbank announce that the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Worthington Milbank, to Mr. Harry Sylvester Tayloe, recently published, is ended by mutual consent.

The other two items were side by side

in the real estate advertisements. They read:

FOR SALE—A handsome, modern cottage, in the best section of Walbrook; partly furnished; newly papered; every up-to-date idea; owner leaving city. 1018 Equitable Building.

FOR SALE—An unusual opportunity to those desiring a fine residence in the new section of Roland Park; a bargain at \$10,000. Apply at the office of the Roland Park Company.

The Woman's Soul Had Changed.

The Academy had been crowded that New Year's Eve night. Society had seen Bernhardt as the sorceress the evening before and were now caught on the rebound by the Teutonic hilarity of the Rogers Brothers. The crush in the wide foyer at the end of the farce was unusual. Outside the big mulatto attendant could be heard calling vehicle numbers through his megaphone, but the occasional departure of a carriage load afforded no apparent relief inside to the chattering crowd of men and women in showy evening attire. Literally it was a standstill.

At the top of the five marble steps on the inner end of the foyer a girl and a man were next to each other. The man had no companion; the girl seemed to have been edged away from her friends. She was so close that a loose end of her pale blue scarf contributed a dash of brilliancy to the sombre black of his overcoat sleeve. The air was tinged with a subtle perfume of fragrant violet that betokened to the man the dainty femininity of his neighbor.

A restless one behind, eager to get into the open, pressed impetuously on those about him and inaugurated a swaying of the crowd, which surged outward. The girl, caught unawares, might have toppled forward upon those on the lower steps, but the man aided her with a re-

straining hand laid lightly on her arm.
"Thank you," she said. Her voice denoted culture and was vibrant in its alto
tones.

They turned to look at each other for the first time. She saw a clean-appearing chap with a countenance indicative of animation and a suspicion of a smile that meant a capacity for humor. He saw a young woman who was fully as tall as himself, and whose erect bearing could not be hidden by the white fleecy cloak of broadtail fur which hung from her shoulders. She suggested queens to him, and she suggested, too, able-bodied, young American womanhood of the kind that golfs, swims, motors and gathers vitality by a dozen out-of-door methods. The color of health was in her cheeks, and added no little to the beauty of her face, the distinguishing characteristic of which was, however, long dark eyelashes and expressive dark orbs behind them.

The two pairs of eyes met, and, meet-

ing, held each other firm.

It seemed to both that instantly they were transported to another world, another environment, far from the frivolous throng that had just ended its shrieks of laughter at the buffoonery of the German comedians. The girl felt that through the man's clear blue eyes she could look into a period when they had known each other well indeed. A curious exaltation seized hold of her, an electric thrill that made her oblivious of all others around them. The man, similarly magnetized, was reminded by his dominating sensations of a day in the Cathedral, when the odor of incense

from the altar had become suddenly overpowering to him. Both gazed and gazed; both felt impotent to withdraw their eyes—had they wished.

The man was the first to return to things mundane. A little opening had been made in front of them.

"Step down," he said to the girl.

"There is room for you," was her reply.

They stepped together. Their eyes still sought each other.

STEP I.—RE-ACQUAINTANCE.

She—"I am sure I knew you long ago."
He (quoting)—

"Have I met you, and passed you already, Unknowing, unthinking and blind?"

She—"It is intuition, not memory. It was not in this age or time. It seems centuries ago."

He—"I, too, share that feeling. It could not have been when we were children, could it?"

She (dreamily)—"No, no, that is not it. It was—it was when I was not what I am—when both were different."

He—"And I seem to know you well."
She (flushing slightly)—"Well, and most well."

He (suggestively)—"Do you believe in theosophy?"

She—"You mean that perhaps we met when both our astral bodies were projected into space? No, it is not that, either. To me the philosophy of old Pythagoras seems to explain the miracle."

He-"You think then our souls once dwelt in bodies that were not those in

which they now abide, and that in that time we were known to each other?"

She (eagerly)—"Yes, I feel that strongly. This is a reunion, not a first acquaintance. Of that I am sure. And yet I cannot tell you why I believe so."

He—"I have always scoffed at that old doctrine of metempsychosis. But when you looked into my eyes a moment ago it came to me irresistibly that we belonged to each other in days gone by."

She (confusedly)—"That's just it."

He (quickly)—"That we belonged to each other?"

She (with more embarrassment)—"Yes; that is, that we were lovers then."

He (doubtfully)—"I share that odd feeling, or fancy, or trick of the soul, with you; but I do not seem to have reawakened the echoes of the past so successfully. I feel that we knew each other in the long ago, but that is all. The rest is blank."

She (with sprightliness)—"Perhaps, being a woman, my intuition is more Godgiven than yours."

He—"I can only say that I accept gladly what you bring back from the dim past."

She (flushing again)—"Men make the same speeches now as then."

He—"And women will, a million years hence."

She—"I wish I could see more clearly. It is all so nebulous and confused around the figures of you and me. I cannot tell whether I was Lady Jane in the castle or Milkmaid Joan in the dairy, or whether you were Sir Tristram or just honest Giles."

He—"Perhaps I was a singing troubadour, you a lady of Provence."

She—"Or you a valiant crusader going forth to conquer the Holy City and leaving me behind to weep at your absence."

He—"Or another Dante and Beatrice." She—"Possibly even the true Dante and Beatrice. Who can tell, if we cannot?"

He—"At any rate, Lady Unknown Now, no matter when or where, no matter how or why, we were lovers then."

She-"Yes-then. Emphasize the then, please."

He—"There is an opening. Step down."
She—"There is room for you."
They stepped together.

STEP II.—PARTNERS IN INFINITY.

She—"It seems wonderful that we should meet again in this way. Two tiny souls among a thousand thousand millions!"

He—"Silly folk say the world is small. How foolish! The world is infinite. It is we who are small."

She—"You quoted Kipling just now. Do you remember that thought of his— Twelve hundred million men are spread

About this earth, and I and you Wonder "When you and I are dead

What will those luckless millions do" '?"

He-"I think Kipling glorious, don't you?"

She—Yes; but the pre-eminent poet and philosopher for me is the old Persian."

He-"I, too, am fond of Omar Khay-yam."

She—"I have the dearest little edition of the Rubaiyat on a night table beside my bed. The same lesson of humility for the individual soul that rings through that Kipling couplet is to me expressed with more appealing force when the Tentmaker says:

'The world will turn when we are earth
As though we had not come or gone—
There was no lack before our birth,
When we are gone there will be none.' "

He—"I like better the lines in which he compares us to chess pawns:

'Helpless pieces of the game He plays Upon the checker board of nights and days; Hither and thither moves and checks and slays And one by one back in the closet lays.' "

She (moodily)—"There are times I am made desolate with thinking on my own puny contribution to life."

He (quoting again)-

"Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire

To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire, Would we not shatter it to bits—and then Remold it nearer to the heart's desire?"

She—"If we could, if we could."

He—"There is an opening. Step down."

She—"There is room for you."

They stepped together.

STEP III.—CONFIDENCES.

He—"We have talked of infinity and of the past. But what of ourselves?"

She-"I have little that is worth telling."

He—"Old friends are privileged to exchange confidences when they meet after years. Why not we?"

She-"What would you know?"

He—"I would learn of you, of your life in this present terrestrial existence."

She—"I suppose I am much the same as any immortal soul 'cribbed, cabined and confined' to a monotonous earthly round. I read a lot and dream more. I think noble things and never do them. I plan to help others and then find myself making the social round for my own pleasure. I have education, but profit not by it. Still, with it all, I would not want you to think me wholly frivolous. Give me credit for the things I dream and never achieve."

He—"And yet when we meet, after centuries have swelled the sum, I find you at one of the most frivolous of shows."

She (mockingly)—"Ah, sir, that is a confidence I had better not share with you."

He-"You would not be so cruel?"

She—"What woman can be cruel to a bygone flame? Suppose, Sir Dante, or Sir Tristram, that I tell you that in this present existence I have an aunt who is a matchmaker!"

He—"I see, I see; and you are the sulphur lady who is to ignite the stick?"

She (merrily)—"He is such a stick! But you owe him much for that."

He—"I? And for being a stick, a thing of vapidness? Wherefore, I pray?"

She—"My scheme to lose him for just three minutes has permitted this commingling of souls out of the haunting past."

He-"Oh, joy, great joy!"

She-"Now, are you satisfied?"

He—"Not yet, not yet. I am glad to be assured there is small danger of his

winning you, but I am sorry to learn I have rivals.'

She-"Rivals? Do I understand thatagain"-

He (eagerly)-"Yes, again. Why not again? Did we not have great happiness together in those mediaeval days?"

She (tauntingly)-"You are remembering more than you did five minutes since!"

He-"I was only asking you the question."

She-"You are clever. Modernity is improving you."

He—"It has made you irresistible." She—"Thank you."

He-"There is an opening. Step down." She-"There is room for you."

They stepped together.

STEP IV.—SEPARATION.

He-"You said there is room for me. Do you mean it?"

She-"I cannot keep you out of the theatre foyer."

He-"But you can close the inner portals of your heart, if you care to be cruel."

She-"Don't you think these confidences have been one-sided-all the talk about me?"

He-"A woman should always be man's theme when he is talking to her."

She-"That is part of the empty nonsense that comes from the dark ages, when woman was the plaything of 'mighty man,' and not the recognized

He-"Ah! you are a new woman in this existence?"

She—"And sorry I was ever an 'old' woman in any former existence. To me it is a finer outlook for humanity when men and women meet and mate on an equality, when woman has rights as well as man, when one standard of what is good and what is bad does for both sexes. Don't you agree with me?"

He-"You speak like the book."

She—"I speak from the standpoint of a new deal for woman. To me this meeting of two once kindred souls is little short of a miracle."

He-"In what way?"

She—"In the chance it affords for a unique comparison. Seven, eight, nine hundred years ago, we know not when, you and I were affinities. In those ages, and nearly to this one, woman was the dependent, almost the serf, of man. Tonight inscrutable fate, whose ways are limitless and motives unfathomable, has tossed us together. We are not the same—the woman's soul has changed, is emancipated, has an altered conception of mankind and mating. What about the man?"

He—"By George! you are a zealous champion of your sex!"

She—"Don't be evasive now, please. It means too much if, as you say"—

He—"I won't be evasive. I think it would be excellent if we had, as you say, one code of morals for both, but is it practical in the world as we have it? Do you really think that all women, or even a bare majority of them, clamor for equality, or feel the need of it? Do you think they want to change condi-

tions under which they have been put upon pedestals and protected from the rubs and knocks of a bustling world?"

She (after a pause)—"I am disappoint-

ed in you. I had thought"-

He—"You asked me to speak frankly." She—"I thought that perhaps modern ideas had combined with the inheritance of your former soul-qualities to make you an original force, to make you different from the others. I find you a parrot of men."

He (humbly)—"You are severe on me."
She—"Not severe; only just. You are
but the echo of the 'eternal masculine."

He—"You are building ridiculous and fanciful barriers about yourself."

She (scornfully)—"I cannot make you understand."

He—"I really think you misunderstand me. No man is, or has been, more loyal, chivalrous and tender to the woman he admires and seeks."

She—"Your chivalry and tenderness, unfortunately, is of the stamp that holds woman the dependent."

He-"I declare you wrong."

She—"And I avow I am right. A hundred examples will prove whether you are broad-minded, even tolerant, whether you really meet woman on the level. Let me test you on one rather odd one. When we were together before, tobacco was unknown. Today 'the great god Nick o' Teen' seems greater to most men than all other ruling passions, unless it be the Arabian Al Cohol"—

He—"Are you going to ask me. Anonyma, to give up the weed?"

She—"How narrow and selfish man is!
No, I am not going to ask that. You enjoy it, don't you?"
He—

"For thy sake, tobacco, I Would do anything but die."

She—"Well what I want to know is would you be willing that I should smoke?"

He (weakly)-"I am not sure"-

She (with scorn)—"Not sure! Why, you know you think it wrong! Masterful man! Smokes and enjoys it—woman must not? God made tobacco for the 'sterner sex'! That's fine philosophy!"

He-"I had no idea"--

She—"You are right, you did not. And yet have you not the courage to see the abominable one-sidedness of it all? I never smoked a bit in my life. I have never wanted to, and yet it has always struck me how the women that do are met with a Pharasaical raising of the eyebrows."

He—"Aren't you pressing a small point rather far?"

She—"It is not a small point. It is the crux of the whole business. It means to me that the woman you seek in this present sphere must be the same as the one you sought in all the others—a creature who loves, honors and obeys, especially obeys—a plaything, not a stimulating and helpful companion. You are helplessly in the same rut. The man's soul has stood still with the rolling of the ages. I thank God evolution has been my lot!"

He-"Then we are not to"-

She—"Emphatically, no!"
Silence.
He—"There is an opening. Step down."
She—"There is no room for you."
She stepped alone.
Beyond was her party.
He took out a cigar.

The Clytie's Passenger.

The Patapsco was being lashed into fury by one of those sudden squalls that give an anxious half hour to the small craft from the boating and yacht clubs. A black cloud that was at first but a speck in the northwest had rapidly overspread the summer skies. Wind was with it, yellow banks of rain clouds behind it, and the knowing amateur skippers hastily stripped to the bare poles and got out water-proof caps and coats to make the best of an uncomfortable hour.

Ned Horton, in the Clytie, had made Seven-Foot Knoll that afternoon, and was on the way back when the blow came. He had a boat that combined "go" with staunchness, and, with auxiliary gasoline power, there was no reason for him to fear a fight with the angry elements. But he had no need to hurry back to the clubhouse, and rather than push ahead, with pitching and tossing, he headed the Clytie into the lee of Fort Carroll and kept her headed up. Beyond the protecting wall of the old pile built by Robert E. Lee the storm had broken in full force. A thousand waves were capped with white spray, and then the rain came down in great sheets, but driven obliquely by a wind with some force behind it. It was so thick and blinding that the furnaces of Sparrows Point could not be seen.

Ned felt his loneliness as the squall poured out its violence. He wished those fellows who had promised to come with him the afternoon before when golfing at the Maryland Country Club had not failed to materialize. He was rather cross with himself, too, that he had not picked up somebody at the Neptune clubhouse when he had found no one he cared to take at the Ariel's. He would have been glad to have seen some fellowyachtsman seek the same shelter. was no comfortable job to sit there in the driving rain, with the wheel and the little engine demanding incessant attention. Even the usual solace of his pipe was denied, because the tobacco in it had got wet, and he could not slip into the diminutive cabin to get more.

A melon-laden bugeye driven by the wind loomed into view in the mist, narnowly escaping crashing into a corner of the bastion, and then disappeared again. From the channel over beyond came the steady reiteration of a steamer's blow, probably an Eastern Shore boat going out. Ned discontentedly prayed for the twentieth time that the storm would cease. But it kept on raining and howl-

ing

Behind him Ned suddenly fancied he heard the shrill whistle of some small craft. He could see nothing and settled down again, concluding that it was his nerves. Then he heard it again, and this time, by straining his eyes, could just make out a little launch, evidently in trouble, for whoever was on board seemed unable to keep her head up and she bobbed uncertainly, shipping water

with an occasional broadside wave. She appeared to be blowing steadily for help, for Ned could see the steam emitted, though the contrary wind only gave him an occasional sound.

It was but an instant's work to start to the rescue. The storm was at its zenith, and prompt aid was necessary. A rolling wave, a big one for the river, almost capsized him as he maneuvered to turn, but he held on, and his trim little boat righted herself gallantly.

In another minute he was within 20 yards. A waterman from the foot of Broadway was in the stern, and Ned saw that the launch was one of those on hire in the harbor. The man had stopped tooting his whistle, and was again trying to keep his frail boat from taking on more water.

"Steering gear broke," he shouted to Ned, in explanation, with his hands as a megaphone. Ned could barely hear him.

Another big roller came. Ned's craft dodged it cleverly, but the other boat got it badly, trembled from stem to stern, and poked its port bow so far under that Ned knew it must have shipped many gallons.

From the cabin of the launch there came a scream, and for the first time Ned realized that the waterman had a passenger, and that the passenger was a woman. Her anxious face was pressed against the glass of one of the windows.

Ned redoubled his haste to give aid. It was impossible to run close enough to the launch to enable him to take the woman off. The storm was too severe. The next best thing was to try and tow

THE CLYTIE'S PASSENGER.
the launch into the lee of the fort. He had a stout line, and he made ready to throw it. Then he steered as close as he dared, and as he passed tossed the line to the waterman. It fell short, to his great dismay, and the woman cried agonizingly "For God's sake, hurry!" On the second trial he was successful. The waterman clambered to the bow and made fast.

The haul was a severe one for the little Clytie. But, fortunately, the launch was light and Ned made headway, though slowly. It seemed to him, too, that the force of the storm was slackening.

Once out of the wind he hauled in on the rope until he had brought the launch close enough to speak to its occupants. The waterman said something, but Ned heard only the passenger. She came out of the cabin and held on to a railing on the roof to steady herself as the boat bobbed. She seemed a woman of perhaps 28 or 30, of a dark type.

"You have saved my life," she said to Ned, warmly, and as afterward occurred

to him, theatrically.

"We folk on the water always lend a helping hand," answered he, rather cheerily.

"You were brave and you did nobly," pursued she; "I owe my life to you."

The storm was in reality abating. Ned's knowledge of Patapsco squalls made him feel sure that the sun would soon be out in the west and the river resume its wonted placidness. He was puzzled what to propose. It was a tough proposition to tow the launch to Broadway, and he doubted whether the young

woman would agree to come aboard his boat and leave the waterman to look after himself.

The young woman settled the question for him. She had cast several anxious glances down the river and appeared to be laboring under some excitement.

"I must hurry," she suddenly declared, "Can't you take me to the city?" she asked Ned.

The latter's reply was to ask the waterman:

"Do you think we can leave you?"

"I'll be all right when the blow lets up," volunteered the launch man. "I can fix the blamed thing then. The lady's been in an awful hurry. We could a' run in Sparrows Pint if it hadn't been for her wantin' to git back."

The young woman seemed confused when Lawrence glanced at her. "I—I have some important business," she stammered.

"I'll be glad to take you," he replied.

The young woman seemed more grateful than she had been over the saving of her life. Again she gave one of her puzzling glances in the direction whence she had come. Dropping the oilcloth the waterman had loaned her, she handed him a bank note out of a satchel attached to her belt, and when Ned had jockeyed the Clytie close to the launch she clamored aboard. The water was not so smooth that this could be done gracefully, and Ned, as she did it, saw that her shoes, as well as the bottom of her skirt, were very wet. He blamed himself that he had not thought of this before, and he insisted warmly before

he started his boat that she should make an effort to dry herself. The young woman smiled, for the first time. Ned began to think her not at all bad looking. "I haven't any woman in my crew," he said, with a laugh, "but I can manage to fix you up somehow."

"I am willing to try," she said. It occurred to him for the first time that she spoke English with a foreign accent.

She submitted very obediently when Ned told her to hold the wheel for a moment, and she cheerfully drank the dose that he poured out of a flask from the cabin.

"Now make yourself at home," he said, pointing below, "and for goodness sake get off those wet things."

The visitor went below.

"Let me have your shoes," called Ned; "I can dry them by the engine."

In a minute two tiny brown Oxford ties were tossed out to him.

"If you don't mind them," he remarked, "you will find a pair of old gum boots of mine in that upper locker."

"I've got them," came the answer, "but,

goodness, I will be lost in them."

There was silence for some minutes. Then the young woman spoke.

"Where can I wring out my skirts?"

"Can you come up?"

"No-o-o-yes, I can in a minute."

Presently she appeared. There was a glint of amusement in her glance and smile, and Ned was fully convinced that under other circumstances she would be a jolly companion. She had bright eyes, which, with dark hair and a pale face, made her rather unusual looking. The idea struck Ned that she was or had been an actress.

She stood in the doorway in uncertainty. Around her figure she had pinned a blanket from the couch below. In her hand was a wet brown skirt. She gathered it in her hands and let the water drip over the side. The sun had come out, and, though the water was still troubled and white-capped, there was a wonderful change from a half hour before. She remarked about it to Ned.

The top of the cabin was concluded to be the best place to let the skirt dry. After she had spread it the visitor carefully sat herself down in the companion-

way.

"Aren't we going finely?" she said. This, of course, tickled Ned. What owner of a river craft is there who does not love to hear it praised?

"The very best on the river," he replied, enthusiastically. "Could beat 'em all out in her sailing days."

"In her sailing days?"

"Yes; she was a Chesapeake-bay racing

canoe before I put in this engine."

There was silence for a minute or two. Ned caught one of those searching glances down the river. Unaware that he observed her, his visitor rose in her seat as if trying to watch for a boat.

"What were you doing down the river?"

he asked.

She gave a quick in-drawing breath and her face flushed.

"I was visiting at Fort Howard," she said, with positiveness, looking at Ned with those piquant eyes.

"Why did you not stay?" he queried.
She shrugged her shoulders, Paris-fash-

"Suppose I was not asked?"

"Why must you be back in such haste?" he asked again.

It was an unfortunate question. The girl clasped her hands in some excitement.

"I must be back, I must be back," she said, with vehemence. "It is necessary."

As she caught Ned looking at her with some surprise she altered her manner.

"Don't think me ungrateful," she murmured. "You have saved my life, and you have been so good since, but I must hurry." Then, as if by afterthought, "Perhaps it is best for you."

"Why?"

Ned got no answer.

The Clytie was abreast of the Lower Canton elevator.

"We are getting near the city," said his companion. "Will you do me another favor and land me where I can get most quickly to my hotel?"

"Which is that?"

"The Belvedere. I have been there for some days."

"I can put you ashore at Fort Mc-Henry," said Ned.

Again that puzzling excitement.

"No, no; not there!"

"Then Broadway is best."
"Where I got the launch?"

"Yes."

"Well, take me there, if you don't mind.

I know my way from there."

Ned would perhaps have questioned her more, but the woman rose, felt her skirt, and, announcing that it was dry, turned to descend into the cabin. Without further words Ned handed her the footwear from beside the engine.

When she came out again he was with-

in a hundred yards of the Broadway ferry-house. In the light of the sinking sun her mood, as expressed by her countenance, appeared depressed. "I don't want you to think me ungrateful," she said. "I shall always remember that you saved my life." She paused. "Perhaps, should we meet again, I may be in a position to show my gratitude and to satisfy you as to some things I cannot tell you now."

"Are we not to meet again?" he asked. "May I not come to the hotel tonight?"

She was silent in indecision. Then she gave him one full glance and said: "You may come, but it is possible I may be called away."

"Again that mysterious business," said

Ned, lightly.

"Again that business," she repeated, with what seemed a note of sorrow.

"I am Olga Lamkin," she said, as the Clytic reached the pier, and Ned, shutting off power, sprang to help her to the street level.

"And I am Edwin Horton," he re-

plied, simply.

The woman held out her hand, and when Ned had taken it, held his warmly for a moment.

"Goodbye," she said. Her bright eyes had softened until Ned felt a new witchery in them.

"Until tonight," he murmured, with

an ardency that surprised him.

"I hope so," said she. Again that puzzling expression, as she released his fingers.

As long as Ned was able to watch, as he headed the Clytie to turn Fort Mc-Henry, she stood where they had parted

and waved a handkerchief to him. He whistled cheerily on his run to the Ariel Club and smiled as he pictured a jolly evening at the Belvedere. He was sure she had traveled much and experienced much, and so could be most entertaining. The afternoon's trip had acquired a tinge of unusual romance.

An hour later he was enjoying a belated supper in the Rennert dining-room and calculating how soon it would be proper to go on to the other hotel. An army man whom he know put his head in the doorway, and, after hurriedly surveying the tables, was about to withdraw, when his eye fell on Horton. He came over to him.

"What brings you up from the Fort, Black?" he asked, as they shook hands. "Fact is, old man," said Lieutenant Black. "I'm on an important mission. Rushed up here posthaste."

"What is it?"

The Lieutenant hesitated.

"You may help me," he finally said. "Haven't seen a foreign-looking young woman here, with dark hair and a pale complexion, have you?"

Ned's thoughts were of Olga Lamkin, and he started. She answered such a

description.

"No-o-o," he said. "Only been here a few minutes. What do you want with her."

"Want with her? Why, there's the devil to pay about her. She's been going along the Atlantic coast, from city to city, getting sketches of our new forts."

"Getting sketches?"

"Yes, plans. She's a spy, probably in

the employ of Germany, though they say she's an ex-Russian, an exile for leading a Terrorist revolt. She's got a smooth way, and she has wheedled more than one old gray-haired senior into showing her things that the Government has spent millions on. The Colonel's been thinking she might come here, and has been watching for her. But in some way she got into Fort Howard this afternoon and out again before he got word of it. She had a launch, and he sent the post boat after her, but a storm came up and they lost her. Then they 'phoned us, but when the launch came up it had no passenger, and the man said she had gone on another boat."

Ned was sickened at the thought of his narrow escape. Of course, the Clytie's passenger had been the female spy! The one thought in his whirling head was to get to the Belvedere to her. But the too-talkative Lieutenant lingered. "Beastly job, to be trailing a woman," he growled. "But the Colonel's hot because she slipped through his fingers. He's doled me off to make a round of the hotels. But you can bet she's not likely to linger after the job's done.

"Certainly not," declared Ned, with a sinking of the heart. He was sure of it. The Lieutenant sauntered out. He had scarcely disappeared when Ned bolted down stairs and out of the Liberty-street door. "Double fare if you get to the Belvedere in five minutes," he yelled at a cabman whom he hailed.

As the hansom raced up Cathedral street, Ned's head was in a mix. Patriotism, of course, told him he ought to inform on her, but if he did it meant an

inquisition for him and a lot of disagreeable publicity. Besides, he liked the woman, and he admired her nerve and courage. He would aid her further if need be. "Let those old army fogies look out for their own laurels," he muttered, as he pulled at his moustache.

It was as he expected at the Belvedere. When he had hurried up to the desk, the clerk who answered his in-

quiry said:

"Miss Lamkin? She left about an hour ago."

"She had an engagement with me,"

he insisted. "Are you sure?"

"Are you Mr. Horton?" asked a second clerk behind the marble counter.

"Yes."

"Then Miss Lamkin left a note for you."

Ned barely gave thanks for the envelope, then raced to a corner where Black was not likely to see him if he came in. In haste he ripped the cover and read this:

Dear Mr. Horton-I am terribly sorry I have had to deceive you. I cannot stay two minutes more in Baltimore. cannot wait for you, much as I would like to. (This was underscored double.) It is necessary for both our sakes, as you will know if you ever learn the true reason, which I dare not tell you—in fact, I am ashamed to. But if you should know the whole truth, please think of me in the best light. I have torn up papers, the obtaining of which was the object of my visit to America. I am sickened with my errand and return to Europe immediately. I shall

turn to Europe immediately. I shall pray that we may meet again, for you have been my preserver in three ways

today—one of which you know, two I leave you to guess. If ever you care to meet me after learning the whole truth, I inclose an address that will reach me. Yours, OLGA LAMKIN.

A card inside bore this:

Comtesse Feodorovna Lonsdorff, 42 Boulevard Haussman, Paris.

The betting is even that Paris will have at least one Baltimore visitor next summer.

A Half-Tone Flirtation

I have always blamed George Appleton for it. Perhaps you may not find him at fault after you have heard about it. At any rate, I shall tell you an honest story.

You see, George was publishing at the time a sprightly weekly, called Baltimore Truth, a sort of melange of society gossip, feminine fancies and stage "stuff." Sometimes I wrote for it in odd moments, and that was what led George to ask me to contribute to a symposium for his Christmas number. He proposed to ask each contributor to tell his opinion of Santa Claus in any vein one chose, and in each bit he contemplated publishing a small half-tone vignette of the writer. His plan was a decided success. There were 24 portraits, and with each was some original thought on the merry St. Some wrote with farcical Nicholas. touch; some serious; even religious; some decidedly flippant. I think I was flippant.

I hate to toss bunches of flowers at myself, but my picture was decidedly good. I had never before been so widely circulated, and so with due vanity I sat in front of a camera especially for George. The result was a good likeness, done in Jaanvier's best finish. The engraver robbed it of a little of the finest effect, but my sincere friends, the few I

bank upon when necessary, said it did me proud.

There was one girl's picture as an oasis in the desert of masculine countenances in that Christmas number. She had written for Truth for many months under the pen name of Vera, and I had always read her articles with interest because of their vivacity and genuine force, albeit they treated of such topics as whether the chignon would come back, or whether the slippers of the Princess of Wales had an extra arch to the instep or just the arch of the ordinary kind. In this holiday issue I saw Vera' face for the first time. She was undeniably pretty. There were bright eyes, probably black; a mouth that shadowed firmness, though an engaging smile then held possession of the lips. The outlines were oval, the countenance a decidedly animated and intelligent one. I liked it exceedingly. There are so many women with facile pens who are so homely and uninteresting in flesh and blood that one wonders why or or how they could have gained that knowledge of love and romance displayed in their stories.

Truth's Christmas number sold fast—very fast. It was with difficulty that I persuaded George to give me an extra copy when I stopped in on the morning after Christmas on my way down to a noon launch at the Baltimore Dry Dock

Company.

With the paper thus secured and one or two other newspapers and journals grasped in my hand, I boarded a Fortavenue car at Charles and Baltimore streets. There were possibly a dozen

people of the working classes seated there, but my attention was at once attracted by a young lady who was reading a magazine or something in an upper corner. She was interested in it to such an extent that she failed to glance up when I marched through the car and took a seat opposite. But when the conductor came to collect my fare she flattened out her periodical and gave me a look.

Then she bowed with a smile, and I acknowledged the salutation in my customary manner.

I have a good memory for faces, but I was puzzled this time. For fully three minutes I was haunted by a disturbing memory. I knew the face, yet I was positive I had not the honor of the girl's acquaintance. I was so cock-sure of this that I did not venture to take the seat alongside of her and ask her where we had met. She was evidently too well-bred to have done aught but crush me if we discovered that we had not been formally presented.

Then it flashed across me. It was Vera. I pulled out my copy of Truth, and in an instant saw that her half-tone was also a good likeness.

After her bow and smile she had settled back and plunged into Harper's again. Once she glanced at me, and, finding that I was looking at her, turned and looked out of the window at Cross-Street Market, which our car was then passing. It was evident that she, like I was not quite sure of the ground upon which we had exchanged greetings. Her forehead was puckered a bit and there

was a suspicion of hauteur as if she were preparing to get out of a faux pas with dignity if things went wrong.

My action in pulling out the Christmas Truth precipitated matters. George had an Archie Gunn craze at the time, and his front cover had on it one of thos sketchy Florodora ladies of the poster type, in colors glaring enough to have advertised Truth with the plainness of a woolen soap "ad." Of course, she recognized it, and, of course, that recognition gave the clue to her slippery memory. She realized that I, like she had been in the symposium. Her cheeks flushed and she hurriedly dived down into the parcel of papers in her lap and extracted the number that was responsible for it.

I never in my life have received a stare so stony as that which she hurled at me when she had opened to the page upon which my "phiz" was printed, and so spotted me. I leave it to you whether I was to blame for her having spoken to me when I got on the car. My bow was what any gentleman would have given any lady led so naturally into the same mistake. But it was plain just then that I was an arrant criminal in her eyes, and that, had she been good old Queen Bess and I a luckless Englishman, I would have been led to the block instanter.

The amusing side of it occurred to her as the car bowled down Fort avenue. There was a bit of a red flush in each cheek, and her black eyes sparkled; and on her lips, as she glanced at me once only, there danced with roguishness a

smile more entrancing far than had attracted me in the vignette. It was as if she desired to know me to tell me that she had done wrong in regarding as felonious what was a jolly mistake. And I, on my part, eagerly returned her unspoken wish, for I was quite captivated by her animation, her intelligence, her positive beauty, and I felt that an acquaintance with such a charming young blue-stocking would but grow into something helpful. She was evidently a girl whom any

man should feel proud to know.

When the car stopped at the gateway at Fort McHenry, she was greeted by a big Scotchman who had for some years been chief hull designer in the shipyards. I knew McIntosh well, and I mentally resolved that Mac, who was most obliging, would have to present me before the launching was ended. The opportunity came sooner than I had expected. Some body came after McIintoshfrom the scene of the launching just as we entered the yards, and in another instant I had been called over and presented in due form.

Mischief lurked in Vera's eyes. "Have we not met before?" she asked.

"Oh! you know Miss Stapleton!" said Mac to me in some astonishment.

"Yes, in Truth, we have met before."

Such a hearty laugh as she gave me for my impromptu pun! Mac favored us each with a puzzled glance and moved away. We two made haste to improve our acquaintance and to have a score of recollections of our respective parts in that contretemps on the car.

I don't remember much about the launch that day. It may have been a Govern-

ment cruiser and it may not. But if you are anxious to know I will go home and investigate. For, standing near the dock, Miss Stapleton snapped a picture of the vessel as she left the ways, and then we walked around to the bulkhead of Fort McHenry and snapped another of her as she lay in the water. Those two pictures are on my writing desk, flanking a large picture that has much more tone and feeling than the little half-tone which first made Vera known to me.

Now, do you think George was to blame?

Chased By The Barye Lion.

Harold left the lighted portals of the Stafford and turned toward the monument without exactly comprehending just what he was doing. He had shortly before bidden farewell to Miss Marjory Marjoribanks of the "Fantana" company at the hotel elevator, and that particularly vivacious blonde young woman had so charmed him during their little supper after the show at Albaugh's, that Harold's head was in a whirl with thoughts of her.

A blast, apparently from a trumpet, roused him to a realization of things around him. He had passed the Washington Apartment-house and was crossing the asphalt to the monument. The noise sounded strangely near and echoed so redundantly that Harold thought it must awake the aristocratic denizens of this usually peaceful square, so aptly called the "heart of Baltimore." He looked for the source, and-then he looked again. Then he rubbed his eyes. For, as sure as he was alive, the little kid from one of the Barye bronzes in the western square was standing on the stone coping at its near end and blowing his tuba with as much gusto as is usually attributed to Gabriel. There could be no mistake, for, as Harold peered into the semi-darkness beyond, the pedestal usually occupied by the tiny chap was

seen to be vacant.

One more long blast, and the little fellow turned. "I'm glad that's over," he said. "It takes my wind every night." Harold rubbed his eyes again, for the trumpeter was certainly not addressing him. Then he saw that just behind the coping the other little boys from the Barye groups were frolicking gaily. It was a cold November night, but they did not seem to mind the scantiness of the garments with which they had been supplied by the French sculptor.

At the same time that Harold saw them, the bronze lads espied him. "Oh! say, you're going to catch it," called one of them in French to the bugier. "The square wasn't empty when you blew. There's a human being. Just wait till

the General gets down."

The little group looked up at the top of the tall white marble shaft. Harold followed their glances and almost fell prone in astonishment. For he very plainly noted that the ponderous figure of George Washington, always hitherto seen by him in a calm, statuesque pose on the crown of the shaft, was slowly climbing down the side by means of the lightning rod. The bronze boys ran away, across the square, and Harold, evidently thinking that it was also wise for him to avoid the "Father of His Country," turned back in the direction of the Stafford.

Suddenly there was a clattering of horses' hoofs, and Harold drew aside just in time to avoid being run down by the steed of Col. John Eager Howard, who had evidently climbed down from his pedestal at Madison street and was

hurrying to assist Washington in his long descent. The latter had reached a point about 40 feet from the ground, when, to Harold's horror, he seemed to lose his grip. In another instant he expected to see the big figure—whether marble or flesh, it mattered not-dashed to pieces on the sidewalk or else impaled on the high fence. But he had not counted on the daring and agility of Colonel Howard, who made his horse leap the fence, bound up to the first portico, put its feet against the shaft, and so enable the younger officer to reach out his arms and lift his beloved chief to the back of the animal, whence the pair slid, not ungracefully, to the ground.

"Thank you, Jack," said Washington, as he brushed some dust off his Roman toga. "I've been glad more than once since they put you in bronze down yonder. I formerly had a most perilous time to get down each night. I'm too rheumatic to be agile. Often I fully expected the people of Baltimore to find me in ten thousand chips the next morning."

Colonel Howard gave a military salute as he smiled at the praise bestowed upon him.

"If I might venture to suggest, General," he said, "why do you go back to the top each night? Why not stay nearer the ground?"

Washington drew himself together.

"Architectural symmetry, lad," was his reply, as he pulled at the mane of Howard's horse. "I'm too big to look well down here. The people would not have awe enough for me. Bad boys might chisel their names on my toga."

Harold was listening in amazement to this confidential chat of the two Revolutionary heroes. How the Daughters or the Colonial Dames would have loved to have been in his place, he thought!

"Come, Jack," he heard Washington say. "I'm older than you and I have been up there every day for nearly a hundred years. I tell you one's constitution has to be of stone to stand it. Let's go to Peabody's chair. I feel like sitting down."

As the two warriors turned, Harold was discovered. He had thought himself hidden in the shadow, but the eagle eye of Washington found him. The General frowned with such awful solemnity that luckless Harold, in his terror, realized how he had been an all-compelling leader of men. Such a frown, he said to himself, was used to awe Gen. Charles Lee on the battle-field of Princeton.

Washington's finger was pointing in his direction. "There's an intruder of the present day," he said to Howard, "a spy upon our midnight meeting. Put him under arrest."

The word "spy" completed Harold's fright.

His knees were knocking together in a mad jumble and his stomach felt most squeamish. In a few minutes, he reflected, Washington would have him dangling from one of the trees down there east of Mount Vernon Church.

Colonel Howard rose up on his charger, drew his sword, and, cleaving the air in a forceful stroke, sternly ordered Harold to accompany him.

"Bring the fellow this way," called

Washington, as he moved around the monument to its east side. Harold could scarcely walk, but Howard prodded him with the sword and he braced up quickly. Chief Justice Taney, he noticed, was not in his seat in the north square, and George Peabody had descended from his chair in the east square. A figure that looked like Taney's appeared to be violating the park rules about plucking flowers. With him was Teackle Wallis, "the baby of our statuesque family," as Washington remarked. Another figure, that seemed to be the banker-philanthropist, was strolling alone on the pavement of his Institute. He made a respectful salutation when he saw Washington, and the latter majestically returned it, as he climbed Peabody's empty pedestal and seated himself.

"Now, fellow, what have you to say for yourself?" he proclaimed at Harold

with dreadful severity.

Harold felt his time had come. His teeth knocked together so persistently that he could not answer the General, who repeated the question. Colonel Howard glanced significantly at his sword, and Harold, thus egged on, began:

"I—I—I was g—g—going home when I—I—I heard—heard the n—n—n—noise."

"Heard the noise? What noise? The trumpet?"

Harold could only nod.

"Did that French boy blow while you were crossing the square?"

Again a nod.

The General's face relaxed somewhat. "Careless," Harold heard him say. "I shall take his trumpet away and give it

to one of the other lads."

Harold took hope from this slight change in the General's demeanor. It seemed to him opportune for a plea for mercy. But he was balked at the outset by a ridiculous lapse of memory. He could not recall the proper mode of addressing George Washington, never having had occasion to do so before. And he felt that if he blundered he would damage his appeal. To say to him "Oh, Father of Our Country" sounded too perfervid. "General" was too familiar; it might do for John Eager Howard, but not for a trembling prisoner. "Sire" would be too monarchical, though it seemed to Harold that great personages in plays were most often called "Sire."

At last he bethought himself of "Your Excellency," and at once dropped upon

his knees before the pedestal.

"Your Excellency," he pleaded, falteringly, "have mercy upon a poor, innocent offender. I had no purpose of spying upon you. I was straight on my way home when the trumpeter attracted me and I saw you descending the lightning rod. I promise you I will never cross this square again at night if you will but let me go on my way now."

"What is your name, my son?" The tone was calm, though the countenance of the General was troubled.

"Harold Witherton, Your Excellency."

"I feel inclined to grant your petition, Harold," said Washington. "But first I want you to understand what may seem to you a foolish prank on the part of one who has hitherto enjoyed a reputa-

tion for dignity and self-poise. For more than three-score years I was a prisoner on the top of that monument. I was heartly tired of it, I can tell you; but I could do nothing, for my fame was gone forever if I were caught off my perch."

Harold smiled softly at the General using up-to-date slang. Washington did not notice the smile.

"Then Mr. Walters bought those bronze groups," he continued, "and I saw my plan clear. If I could make that little trumpeter my zealous watchman, to give me a signal when the square was clear of humans, I could descend without worry and enjoy a little relaxation with the other statued heroes of the square. The boy promised to obey my instructions, and nightly since then we have had our hour of exercise. But the lad is such a trial! Gentlemen who have looked upon the wine when it is red and ladies who have lingered over aftertheatre suppers have on several occasions been frightened into convulsions by seeing me—as you might say—shinny down the lightning rod.

"Once my own carelessness was responsible. I had stayed too long at a small company of convivial bronze and marble spirits, gathered in honor of my birthday, and was seen by a negro on his way to work. My attitude was perhaps undignified, for I had hung my toga on the iron railing and was bathing my fevered brow in the fountain yonder when the black came along. He gave a horrible yell, and a bluecoat came. I ran for the lightning rod and climbed it. But I forgot my toga, and for one whole day

I stood on duty in my nether garments, in mortal fear every moment that some-body would carry off the toga. It chanced to be stormy that day, and passers-by were too much in a hurry to cross the windy open place. That night I got my toga. I've never been caught since until tonight. But I have heard it said that the negro told weird tales of having met me at the fountain."

Harold admitted he had heard some such story, but thought it an idle super-stition.

"I rejoice at your reassuring words," said the General, resuming his austereness.

"Now, Harold Witherton, let us decide what to do with you. What do you say, Jack?" turning to Colonel Howard.

"I suggest, General," said the younger warrior, "that you make this young man give bonds that he will keep away from the square after midnight."

"A good plan," said Washington.

"But I can't get bail now," said Harold, in dismay.

"Maybe Mr. Peabody will help you out," said Washington. "He's rich."

Peabody was still strolling up and down the farther side of the street.

"Come here, George," said Washington, beckoning to the millionaire. Peabody came. The case was explained to him. Peabody stroked his whiskers thoughtfully.

"I don't know this fellow," he finally said.

Harold spoke up eagerly. "I often read at your library," he said, "and my sister takes music from your professors."

Peabody eyed him closely. "I believe I have seen you going in the Institute sometimes." He turned to the General.

"Well, Mr. President, as he is one of my proteges, I consent to go on his bond if you will have Mr. Taney draw up the

papers in proper legal form."

Washington was about to speak again when a dreadful roar was heard in the direction of the north square, and almost instantly Chief Justice Taney was seen sprinting across the asphalt in evident terror, holding up his Supreme Court robes in most undignified fashion. Behind him was Mr. Wallis, with his coat tails flying.

"Cheese it, General; the lion's at it

again," called Taney.

"Great Christopher Columbus!" exclaimed Washington; "am I never to

have peace?"

Not far behind Taney and Wallis came the bronze Barye lion, his mane bristling, his eyes gleaming, his nostrils breathing angry snorts. Washington made a dash; the others scattered. Howard had trouble with his charger, which reared madly at the sight of the lion; Peabody tore over to the portico of the Institute and got behind a column; Wallis flew into the doorway of Mount Vernon Church; Taney ran to the fountain and crouched in it; Harold, having no better place, followed him.

"What's the matter with the lion?" he

asked, when he had got his breath.

"Curious thing," replied Taney. "Gets on a rampage every now and then and mixes his nationality. Imagines he's a British lion instead of a French one,

made in Paris, and that he must chase Washington. There they go now."

Harold looked in time to see Washington hot-footing it around the monument. Behind him was the lion, making an awful racket.

"Has he ever caught him?" he inquired of Taney.

"No; but he bit a piece out of his gown one night."

Around and around the circle Harold saw Washington and the lion go. The former had his toga up and was doing his level best. His strenuous days as a surveyor in the forests evidently stood him in good stead, for the lion was not gaining.

At about the fourteenth lap there came an interruption. John Eager Howard had got his horse under control and he suddenly dashed in between Washington and the beast, with his sword in hand.

"Up in a hurry," he said to the General. Washington turned to the lightning rod. The lion tried to dodge Colonel Howard, and when checked gave a savage growl and bit at the horse. In trying to save the steed Howard gave the lion an opening to make a dash at the General, who had only accomplished a few feet of his climb.

"Hustle, General, hustle," cried Harold, excitedly.

The Barye Roman soldier from the other end of the square joined Howard, and they renewed the attack on the lion. He turned to engage them, and there was a fierce battle for a minute, during which Washington showed himself a good climber. All of a sudden Howard

saw that his gown had gotten entangled in the rod. Washington stooped to disengage the toga, but in doing so must have loosened the clamps that held the rod to the monument. Harold and Taney saw him slowly begin to fall outward, still clutching the rod. Harold shut his eyes at the impending catastrophe. There was an immense crash, and he felt, rather than saw, that Washington had hit the pavement and had broken into thousands of pieces of marble.

There was another loud crash, and Harold opened his eyes to find himself lying on his own bed at home, fully dressed. Some one was knocking at his door. "Get up, Mr. Harold," he heard a servant say; "your mother says your breakfast will be ice cold."

"Must have had too much of that champagne," muttered Harold, as he started to rise. "Only could have been a dream about Washington and all those statues. Sure."

Nevertheless, it was with considerable apprehension that he walked up to Mount Vernon place as soon as he left his home. As he turned from Cathedral street he looked eagerly at the top of the tall pillar. The statue of Washington was in its place. The toga seemed to be unrent. He looked again to be certain. Then he walked over to the Barye group. The same trumpet boy held his instrument as of yore.

"Absurd," he said to himself, "for me to think it might have been real."

He passed on to see whether Taney and Howard were on their pedestals. As

he got around to the front of the green lion, which squatted on its haunches and gazed up at Washington, he got a shock.

The Barye lion winked. Since then Harold has kept out of the square after midnight.

"My Violet."

They had enjoyed George Ade's "College Widow" at Ford's, and had lingered over two plates of lobster salad at the Hotel Kernan until it was near midnight. But when they came down the marble steps, she, disdaining cab or car, had elected to walk to her Eutaw-place home. Perhaps in the minds of both there was a wish for one of those delightfully intimate chats of which they had such memories. The evening's chatter, so far, had mainly consisted of her piquant descriptions of a good time in Philadelphia, from which she had just returned.

For a block or two along Howard street their talk was of the same kind. Suddenly the girl changed the current by asking:

"Whom have you been taking to the theatre while I was away?"

They were in the glare of the white arclight at Howard and Madison streets. He turned and looked at her, only to find a gleam of amusement in her glorious dark eyes. The night was frosty, but they had walked briskly since coming out of the hotel, and there was a glow upon her cheeks which he liked to see there. She looked just as winsome as she had done when he first met her seven years before.

"Nobody," was the honest, earnest

answer his lips phrased to make reply to her question. He never reflected upon the motive of her inquiry, whether it were jealousy, or impertinence or curiosity, or merely a stop-gap in the conversation while her thoughts wandered. He had been accustomed to answer her questions without reserve these many months, and this was no exception.

But she was disposed to tease. "They told me in Philadelphia that I was a 'jollier' and a heartbreaker," she said, "but the girls who said so hadn't met

you, Fred Lamont."

He turned quickly toward her with newborn anger. They were crossing to the pavement of Mount Calvary Church by this time, and he looked at her in the light of the electric light opposite to this "You know that ritualistic temple. isn't fair, Nancy," he exclaimed. never flatter you, and I never express any admiration for you that doesn't come from the heart. I was the loneliest fellow in this big town while you were gone. I made myself generally disagreeable to everyone, and I imagine some of them guessed what was the matter. Everyone can see it but you, and you won't."

"And you went out with no one, Fred?" she persisted as they continued up Mad-

ison avenue. "Not even her?"

"See here, little girl," he replied. "You know very well I love you."

"And you love her, too. Don't try to deny it."

"She is nothing to me now."

"You loved her deeply last year. Why

shouldn't I believe you still care for her?"

He leaned toward Nancy. Words rose to his lips, but he uttered them not.

"Do you like violets or chrysanthemums best?" he asked, abruptly, but with complete disregard of grammar.

"Don't try to change the subject when I have you worsted," cried this spright-

ly fin-de-siecle Rosalind.

"I'm not changing the subject," Fred replied. "Which would you choose for keeps-to repeat a phrase of babyhoodthe queen of autumn or the handmaiden

of spring?"

The girl looked down at the little bouquet of purple against her red broadcloth coat. He had bought them that day, regardless of cost. "You know very well I love the violet," she said, as she raised her head and glanced at him. "The chrysanthemums are great big, coarse things, splotches of flaming color, the butt of the fall crop of comic weekly jokes."

"Yet you have worn them."

"I have, yes. You have given them to me," with just the faintest tinge of a blush as he turned to eye her. "Fashion makes them popular for two or three weeks in the fall, and impressionist artists and poets dote upon them. I admit that there is a certain bold bid for favor about the flower that must appeal to many. But for me the violet, when it can be gotten."

"Because it is dainty, fragrant and refined; because it is all-pervading in its sweet influence, yet never jars upon

your senses?"

"Just because."

"Then why shouldn't I, too, prefer the violet for the same reasons? Why shouldn't I say to the chrysanthemum 'I want no more of you. You have your charms to many; you had them for me. But my cult for you has taught me that after all the simplicity and refinement of the spring flower is most to my taste.' Why shouldn't I say that, Nancy? And why shouldn't I tell the violet so, too?" he demanded.

The girl was overjoyed at the delicacy of this recognition of her sway over him. But her mood was still sprightly and only partially sentimental. And so

she said, as they walked along:

"Both lose their bloom so quickly."

"Not the violets nowadays," he said, laughingly and triumphantly. "Fond care will keep them blooming and fragrant year in and year out. The very bunch you are wearing in this wintry weather proves that."

She was a woman, and so she switched back to her original charge. "What an artful flirt you are. Your way of putting things must capture more than one

poor girl."

He was angry, but he was likewise philosophical and patient. "She likes you as a friend," his anger prompted, "but she doesn't love you." "Fifteen minutes lost and a pretty speech gone to waste," said his philosophy. "Try again," said his patience. "Maybe the speech wasn't lost, after all."

"You know very well the thought I wished to convey," he said to Nancy, just as they were at the steps of Bishop

Paret's residence. "You know I care for you. You're clever, and you're a woman, and so you must have both wit and intuition."

"But why did you ever care for the chrysanthemum?" she asked, naively.

All the yearnings of his heart for her boiled over at this moment. He might have clasped her hands or put his arm about her waist had not several belated ones been waiting for a Wilkens-avenue

car at Dolphin street.

"I am not denying I did care for that girl," he began slowly. "If you could know how she warmed my heart at a moment when it was chilled to the uttermost depths by your elusive and disappointing attitude toward me, you might the more excuse me. I cared for you from the moment I first saw you, even before we met. You liked me, too, Nancy, and we became great friends. I liked to take you around and to meet you at places, because you never failed to be bright and entertaining. Presently my fondness for you grew warmer, but your fondness for me remained stationary. I knew that, and so in my selfishness I never asked you to be my wife. When I found you becoming too perilously sweet to me I stayed away for a couple of months, until I felt I could approach you without fear that my rashness would lead to a rebuff that would cause both of us pain. Then you met that chap from Princeton, and he was handsome and a wise flirt, and you had a passing fancy for him. My jealousy led to our first quarrel, and I left you with the idea that you would be-

come his wife."

"How ridiculous! He and I forgot each other in a month," said saucy Miss Nancy.

"Very likely. But you didn't let me think so then."

She smiled.

"Then I met this other girl. I knew her brother. It was not long before we were on a close footing. She was just out of school, unaffected, genuine, attractive. I don't know which of us first loved the other, but it was not long before we had told each other. Then came six months of sunshine and happiness. We never quarreled, we never doubted. But gradually there grew up in my mind the knowledge that she was not like you, that she lacked your spirituelle qualities, your intelligent merriment, your elevation above petty things. I began to regret her mere prettiness. Problems of heredity began to interest me. Nobody is more democratic than I. nobody less snobbish. But her family were not high-bred, and their shortcomings became painfully apparent to me. I would not say this to anyone but you, dear, because I respected them, and I don't want to feel embittered toward them. Realizing that their grandfather had kept a saloon, I couldn't help feeling that brains and ambition had been necessary to elevate them to their present social status; and I honored them their brains and their ambition. Still I grew tired of a girl who cared only for dress and admiration and pleasure, and I detested the circle which her family had created for her."

He paused for a moment. They were on the pavement of the old mansion used by the School Board. The girl looked at him a little curiously, and she felt a

little prouder of him as he said:

"Mind you, I was loyal to her. I told my family not a word of my misgivings, and though I brooded over them constantly I always greeted her with kindly face. Perhaps I was wrong to lie to her so; perhaps I ought to have confessed that I was mistaken in the belief that I wanted her to be my wife. But my honor forbade that, and so we drifted on. Sometimes her simplicity and sweetness decoyed me into believing that after all she might make me a dear, good wife, one that I could cherish, and, with love rekindled, go together through life.

"Then came our quarrel. It was a bitter one, starting in a trifle, but possessing so many ramifications as to draw in all her family and some of her friends, before I was worsted. She developed a quality I had never known in her before; she was unreasonable and obstinate, refusing to accept my apologies and burning up my letters to her with a vindictiveness that paralyzed me. For a few weeks the shock to my egotism was such that I was unswerving in my efforts at a reconciliation.

"Then one day came one of your familiar notes, and I was forever cured of her. I realized that it was all such a petty affair compared with the comradeship you offered. I did not care at all whether I was ever readmitted into her intimacy, and I did not want to be ad-

mitted into the shallow commonplaceness of her family. Since then, my dear, I have thought only of you, have as-

pired only for you."

They had reached the steps of her home by now. The girl's eyes were downcast. "I have heard of hearts being caught on the rebound," she said, with a weak attempt at her former playfulness.

He took her hand. "Can't you understand that it was she who caught my heart on the rebound from you?" he asked, pleadingly. "Can't you see how my experience with her has clarified, has illumined the love I have for you? Can't you see, Nancy, that the dearest ambition of my life is to make you my wife?"

She did not resist him as he put an arm about her. But she took his cheeks between her two little gloved hands, and, turning his face into the silvery gleam of the January moonlight, she gazed at him earnestly as she said:

"Are you sure you have never a

thought for her nowadays?"

"I am sure, my darling. I could have asked you to listen to this weak confession before you went away, but I wanted your absence to prove that my heart was empty and waiting for you and none other. Every moment I longed for you, every day I wanted my"—

"Your violet," she murmured, as she

put her arms closer about his neck.

"Yes, my violet," he repeated, tenderly, as he kissed her.

The Surrender Of Adoniram J.

Among merchants of Northeast Baltimore A. J. Hesketh was regarded as a "live" business man. Along with the good old missionary name of Adoniram Judson, which his Baptist mother had bestowed on him, he had received a good slice of proverbial Scotch shrewdness by way of his father. As a result, His factory on he was prospering. Caroline street grew steadily in acreage and output, he was a shining light in the Improvement Association, a director of the bank on Gay street and of other "Old Town" enterprises, and not unknown in the bankers' and brokers' offices of German and South streets. The plain two-and-a-half story brick home on Ann street, with its white-painted wooden steps, had some years since been exchanged for a large residence on East North avenue, near Broadway, the largest on the block in fact, with red granite steps and trimmings, a bowwindow front and a granite carriage block at the curb for Mrs. Hesketh to use when she drove to market—she still went to Belair-or went out to view and be viewed of an afternoon in Druid Hill Park.

But in the bosom of his family A. J. Hesketh's positive qualities were the source of much vexation. Now, there was that matter about the house. Mrs.

Hesketh's social aspirations yearned for Roland Park, or Charles street between Mount Vernon place and Mount Royal avenue, and in this she was stoutly backed up by the two children. But Adoniram J. put his foot down hard. He said it would hurt his business. They told him he had money enough to do it anyhow. Then he said he'd a heap rather been the one big potato in a little patch than one of a thousand tubers in an acre lot. "No, siree, Arabella," declared Adoniram J., "we stay near Broadway."

Then there was that vexation about the children's names. The boy did not hanker after Adoniram as a handle. His companions at the grammar school at Washington street and North avenue "kidded" him about it, and they got in so many shots at "A Jay," when the initials only were used, that young Hesketh finally blossomed forth as Judsonthat is, to everyone but his father, who grimly went out of his way to call him Adoniram in the presence of others. So, too, with Helene. "Ellen was good enough for your grandmother," said Pa, "and I thought your aunt was hifalutin" when she called it Helen. But Helenein the name of all that's holy, where'd you get it?" As a matter of fact, Helen got it when she studied French history at the Eastern High School. It struck her as smart, and as soon as she got the spending money she blew herself to cards with "Helene Hesketh" engraved on them.

There was never a time that the head of the family did not have some pet

aversion, to the disquietude of his family. Against anything approaching the problem play in the theatres he fulminated with emphatic comments, and Ibsen, Hauptmann and Shaw were attendants of His Satanic Majesty. Some of the vagaries of women's fashions likewise caught his wrath, and woe to the girl who called to see Helene modishly attired in the days when tightfitting skirts prevailed.

It was no surprise, therefore, when Hesketh senior came out against automobiles. He called them engines of hell, just as he had called the modern playwrights the agents of the demon. None in the family had any idea of his new object of hostility until Judson mentioned at supper one evening that he had had a "bully" spin that day in a friend's car. The father stopped eating and held his knife in air.

"Car! Do you mean a railroad car or one of them durned new-fangled things, auty-mobeels, or whatever you call them?"

"It was an automobile," said Judson, with a sinking heart. He knew the signs.

'And have you joined the reckless crew that sweeps down with death and destruction upon honest, God-fearing citizens?"

Helene chimed in, "I think it's just fine to ride in them, Father," she said. She always used father when she did not forget herself.

Hesketh senior's eyes glared.

"Are you aware, Ellen Hesketh," he burst out, angrily, the name making

the girl wince, "are you aware that your father was in peril of his life only yesterday from one of them machines?"

No one made any reply. It was safest not to.

"I was crossing Fayette street, at St. Paul," pursued the father. "I had waited for a car to pass, and was not thinking of anything else, when all of a sudden a big car, as you call it, blew one of them blamed siren whistles, and bless me if it wasn't only six feet from me and coming straight for me. It was all I could do to get over. The wheels threw mud on me. Think of it, the wheels threw mud on me!" Hesketh senior was excited.

Judson felt like remarking that his father ought to have used his eyes, ears and head in crossing such a busy street, but he refrained.

"Now, let me tell you," affirmed the father, bringing his hand down with a whack, "I don't want any nonsense about automobiles in this family. Don't let me hear of your being fools enough to ride in them, for if you do I"—

And so it was that the dictum against automobiles was registered. Judson and Helene were in despair. More than once they had ridden many miles in the French car of Judson's friend, Tom Lanahan, and thought it great sport.

"What on earth are we to do?" asked

Helene, almost in tears.

"Do," replied Judson, "you may do what you please, but I intend to keep on riding with Tom. We are both of age, and may do as we see fit. Besides, Pa's opposition is only due to unreasonable

prejudice. He might just as easily have swung the other way and gone daft on autos."

Helene had a cosy corner in her heart for Master Tom, and, besides, one felt so altogether smart and modish to "dike out" in auto veil and coat, and, seated beside that very capable young motorist, to bowl merrily and swiftly over the roads of Baltimore county.

"You don't suppose Pa will change,

do you?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Not much, unless-say, Helene, have

you forgotten those baseball days?"

Pa Hesketh as a Helene laughed. baseball "crank" was one of the family jokes. When Baltimore's team was winning pennants under Hanlon, and thousands thronged Union Park each day, the old gentleman had inveighed almost daily against Judson for wasting time and quarters in attending the games. The berating had ceased, and Judson had kept on going. Then one day he ran plump into Pa in the grand stand, and the older man, seeing he was cornered, excitedly began to talk championship ball, and compromised by buying season tickets for both. Incidentally he asked Judson to keep his secret at home.

"Oh! Judson," said Helene, when their laugh had subsided, "you don't suppose Pa might ever be converted to an auto?"

"I'd like to get him into one once. He's a sport all right when he gets waked up to it."

For a month or two, however, Pa made his views on autos most plain and galling. He introduced the subject fre-

quently at the table, and he resorted to one of his time-tried devices to reinforce his views. Whether it was newspaper or periodical they picked up, Judson and Helene found paragraphs on auto accidents or arrests for scorching and denunciations of reckless spinning, carefully marked and sometimes underscored.

"I vow," said Helene in despair one evening after supper, "I am never going to look at a paper again."

It is needless to say that both young Heskeths continued to ride with Tom Lanahan whenever they were invited. The opportunities were too delightful to be missed. At the same time some strategy was necessary at home to avoid squalls. One day Tom's machine got stuck in Green Spring Valley, and Helene, who was with him, not reaching home until 10 o'clock at night, was at her wits' end for excuses. Another day considerable maneuvering had to be indulged in to carry out a plan for an all-day run to Westminster.

"Don't you really think Pa believes we go in the auto?" asked Helene.

"Yes, I do. I feel he knows, and yet realizes he can't do anything. Have you noticed he hasn't had anything to say lately?"

"And he hasn't marked the paper for a month or more."

On the afternoon of Defenders' Day they were going in Tom's auto to the annual tournament at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, at Pikesville. Helene was seated beside Tom, and Judson was in the rear with Hildegarde Matthews,

whose home opposite Madison square was very much of a magnet to him. The girls looked their best. Helene's lavender veil, matching her linen jacket suit and hat, was tied jauntily under her chin, and Hilda was in white linen, with veil and hat of corresponding immaculateness. The attention they drew as Tom guided the auto over Chase street, out Mount Royal avenue, through Druid Hill and along Park Heights avenue pleased the entire quartette. The speedway was more than usually full, it being a bright holiday, and they raced with other cars, cut past driving teams and kicked up a healthy dust for the crowded Owings Mills and Emory Grove cars.

As they were passing Denmore Park a red auto coming from Electric Park turned from Belvidere avenue into the roadway ahead of them. "Hello!" said Tom, "that's one of those new American makes, 24-horse-power, or I'm another."

"Can't you give 'em a brush?" asked Judson. Tom's reply was to throw on more power. The road seemed clear enough, and his French car began to reel off rods. The other auto was going well, too, but by the time Rogers avenue was reached Tom had lessened by half the distance between, and they could see that the machine ahead had two occupants, a man who was running it, and another beside him.

"Let 'er rip, Tom. This promises to be good."

The occupants of the car ahead presently discovered them and made it a

race sure enough. But the imported car showed its superiority, and in less than a mile and a half Tom was abreast of the other auto, to the great joy of Judson and the girls, who were enthusiastically excited. The man who was running the opposition car was a middle-aged or elderly gentleman with a gray moustache, but little else could be seen of him, for he wore a motorist cap and extra large goggles. He was concentrating all his energy on the steering and going, with the advice of his companion, who seemed to be a machinist.

For a brief space the autos were side by side. Then Tom began to forge ahead and throw dust on the other fellow. "Great!" said Judson. "Glorious fun," the girls voted. "We'll win," muttered Tom from between set teeth.

Presently the other car was behind, but Tom kept up the riotous speed. Judson looked behind. "By George! they've given it up. They're slackening."

The girls looked back.

'They're turning," cried Hilda.

"They're turning too wide!', exclaimed Judson. "They'll go in the ditch."

Helene gave a scream. "Heavens!" she cried, "they're in it; both are thrown out!"

That was just what had happened. The other motorist, abandoning the contest, had suddenly tried to turn back, and, steering badly, had descried a curve into the ditch. He and his companion had been tossed out.

In less time than it takes to tell Tom

had slackened, stopped, backed into the entrance of the Maryland Country Club and run back to the scene of the accident.

"I hope they're not hurt," said Helene. All four pairs of eyes were strained on the two figures and the ditched car.

"They can't be, because they are get-

ting up."

The defeated autoist had lost his broad cap and dropped his goggles, and, in addition to mud on his clothes, a broad smudge on his right cheek made his appearance rather ludicrous.

"Good Lord, it's Pa!" exclaimed Helene in a hushed voice, as Tom slowed

down.

And it was.

Judson irreverently laughed.

"How do you like motoring, Dad?" he called, cheerfully. It struck him that he and Helene had the best of an awkward situation.

Hesketh senior prayed devoutly that Judson might suddenly become a few years younger. Then he could mentally promise him a licking when they reached North avenue.

"I thought you were opposed to automobiles," said Helene, very sweetly.

Adoniram J. Hesketh's wrath was transferred to her. He glared, but the fierceness of his glance was spoiled by that patch of mud on his cheek.

"How did you come to spill, Mr. Hes-

keth?" asked Hilda.

The father spoke for the first time.

"Been all right if I hadn't recognized you and tried to turn," he muttered.

mean to say you were running away from us?"

There was a silence.

"Say, Pa," said Judson, "do you remember the day I met you at the base-ball game?"

Hesketh senior began to see the humor of it.

"You've caught me again, you young scamp," he declared.

"How long have you been at it this time?" asked Judson.

"I've had the machine about a month," said the father.

"Oh! father," cried Helene. "And is the machine really ours? Isn't it a beauty?"

"It's really 'ours' on two conditions," replied Adoniram J., who now wore a smile. "Don't tell your ma how long I've had it, and don't tell her I spilled myself in the ditch."

"That's a bargain," said Judson.

"Come up to the club and brush up a bit, Mr. Hesketh," said Tom.

"I'd like to if I can get the machine out on the road again."

With the aid of a bit of wire rope, Tom pulled the red auto "on its feet" again, so to speak. The machinist took charge of it and began to tinker, while the others passed on up to the clubhouse. There on the pleasant broad veranda the automobile treaty of peace of the Hesketh family was duly sealed and ratified, with Miss Hildegarde Matthews and Mr. Thomas Lanahan as subscribing witnesses.

Almost any clear day the Hesketh

auto is likely to shoot past you, sometimes with Adoniram J. at the lever, sometimes with Judson and sometimes with Helene or Mrs. Hesketh, conducted by a chauffeur—for Hesketh senior different things right once he got the fever.

"The Same Old Story."

She came into the magistrate's room so quietly that none of us knew just how long she had been there when 'Squire Clark asked her what she wanted. It was Thanksgiving Day, and dispensing police justice happened to be a dull business, so that the magistrate and we newspaper men had been enlivening the hour by exchanging the latest stories. There were four of us there, and probably our laughter and merriment grated on the little woman. At any rate, she looked up at us timidly as we lounged there in favorite attitudes.

"What can I do for you, madame?" Clark reiterated as he picked up a big

ruler and toyed with it.

"I want to get a warrant—a warrant

for-for my husband."

The men from the other papers had been doing police work steadily for several years, and so after one of them had remarked "Same old story," with apparent callousness, the two settled back into the attitudes which had been theirs when the woman came in. But I hadn't heard any of these magistrate's cases for some two years, and so I moved into a chair beside the justice.

"Upon what charge?" asked the 'Squire

in his kindliest tones.

"He struck me, sir." As the woman moved nearer she came more into the light of a side window, and we saw for

the first time that there was a welt over her right eye and a great wide gash on her jawbone, running back under her ear. She was young—probably about 25 evidently uneducated and of the poorer classes, but with rather pretty features.

"Tell me all about it."

She began the story with an apathy that seemed born of utter helplessness, yet there was just a glint of hope in her eyes, as if the man she was addressing, with the power of the State of Maryland behind him, might do much to succor her. She had plainly been crying, but there were no sobs in her voice as she told of her husband's brutality. She spoke slowly, in low tones, almost mechanically. Yet I fancied that her soul writhed within her as her mind ran over the scenes she was describing.

It was a story such as is narrated nearly every day in brief fashion in some one of the local papers. "Jim" had come home drunk in order to carry away for a raffle a Thanksgiving turkey which she had bought out of their scanty means. She had tried to prevent him and he had struck her under the eye. The turkey and all his money were gone when he returned several hours later to the Durham-street home, and insisted on pulling her out of bed to renew their quarrel. In his mad rage he had suddenly seized a heavy water pitcher and hurled it at her. It had smashed on the wall over her head, drenched her night dress, and, most pitiable of all, the pieces had gashed her face, arms and shoulders in a dozen places. There are chivalrous impulses in men's



hearts in these hurly-burly times, though cynics laugh, and my blood boiled at the beastliness of the man's behavior. The young wife, with much effort and evident pain, pulled up her sleeves and showed us some of the bloody cuts. There were others upon her shoulders, she said.

Justice Clark had picked up his warrant blank as the serious portion of the woman's narrative was being unfolded, and when she had finished it was duly filled in. She hesitated a moment as he asked her to lay her hand on the open Bible and swear to the truth of the charges, but it was manifest that her pause was not the cowardice of a liar, but the doubt of a woman who had not quite made up her mind to punish by the aid of the law a man who was the father of her child.

"Shall I tell Jim you want him?" she said, with a hollow sound in her throat. "No, the police will attend to that."

She drew herself together when the police were mentioned. Another mental picture that tortured, I fancied. As she turned to go, after thanking Clark, there were tears in her eyes. She hurried out and disappeared into the dusk along Bank street toward Broadway.

I was in the station when "Jim" was brought in. He was a big, burly iron molder, employed at Sparrows Point, and he answered sullenly the questions which Lieutenant Hickman put to him. From him we learned that he had been married about six years, and that he had one child—a little girl of 3. When he was asked about the assault his only reply was a muttered assertion that his

wife had gotten her cuts and bruises by a fall down stairs. Such excuses don't "go" in a police station; they are heard too often.

When the hearing took place the next morning the wife's manner was different from what it had been when her husband was not present. She told the story with more emotion and less coherency, and there was a spot of heightened red beneath each eye. Once she glanced at "Jim" as he stood farther along the railing, and the result was almost a breakdown. Several times Clark had to steer her aright by diplomatic questions. The ultimate result was that her narrative tallied in the main with what had been told us the day before.

"Jim" didn't have his excuse this time. When asked if he had anything to say he shambled and twisted his hands and

finally said:

"'Squire, I know I oughtn't ter hit 'er. She's been a good wife and she's done everything fur me. But I just was full of liquor, chock full, and there ain't a man as what's chock full of the whisky that don't do somethin' or uther he's ashamed uf when he gits sober. I didn't know I'd hit her or broke the jug on her till the next mornin', and then I was cross and she didn't get no sympathy from me."

"I have been the Magistrate in this district for a year now," said Clark, with severity, "and I can't recall among the many miserable stories I have had to listen to anything more brutal than your conduct Wednesday night. You say she's been a good wife to you, and she

looks like that kind. Everyone of those gashes on her arms and face makes me feel more disposed to punish you in some manner that would make you realize how you hurt her. We have the whipping-post for wife-beaters, but if I send your case to court it is a thousand to one that you don't get forty lashes less one. So that I am going to sentence you myself to three months in the House of Correction. Ninety days at Jessups Cut will give you leisure to think matters over and to realize that it is something to have a good home and a nice family."

The wife drew in her breath with such vehemence that her gasp was heard by everyone in the room. Then "Jim" did something which showed how much of a swagger bully he was. He moved toward his wife and, with clinched fist, said to

her, as she shrank from him:

"You've got me in for this, curse you. But you'll be sorry for it. Why in h—couldn't you keep your troubles to yourself, without coming down here to tell 'em? I'll make you suffer for it when I

get out."

"You won't get out so soon," said Clark, with promptitude, as two blue-coats stepped between the man and his wife. "I increase your term to six months, and I also fine you \$10 for unseemly conduct in this courtroom. Turnkey, take away the prisoner."

As "Jim" was led back to a cell the wife turned away from Clark's railing and half-followed her husband. A spectator got in the way, but as "Jim" reached the door of the room, she held out her hand appealingly to him, as if

for forgiveness. He sneered, or, rather, snorted, and then gave a coarse chuckle. She sobbed aloud and hurried out the other door to the open air, without a word of thanks to the Magistrate.

The men from the other papers predicted that within 24 hours she would be back again asking for "Jim's" release. In fact, they were so sure of it that they were willing to make a wager on it. didn't think so. I argued that it was naturally heart-rending to her to see her husband sent to a prison, and that was the cause for her apparently desiring forgiveness; but that when she got home, in the room where he had so disfigured her, her emotion would pass away, and she would realize a positive relief at being freed from such a brute. rather agreed with me, but he said you could not gamble on anything that a woman would do. "I rather liked the little woman," he said, "and I hope she's got the grit to stick it out."

The next day she did not come, and Clark and I began to be even more confident. But on Sunday she walked in. Her manner was even more quiet and timid than it had been when we first saw her. But when she spoke to Clark it was with more assertiveness than we had yet seen her show.

"I want you to let 'Jim' go," she said.
"My dear madam," said Clark, "I haven't anything more to do with him. He has been sent down to the House of Correction."

She called his bluff in a moment. "You can set him free, and you know it. Folks on our block has told me you can make

out a release for him."

"Why do you want him out?"

"Because I can't live without him," she replied doggedly. "I love him, and he's all I've got, except Mamie. And he's Mamie's father. And God only knows who is going to provide for us while "Jim" is in a place where my foolishness put him. I hadn't ought to have come here and told you about him. He was right when he said that. Every husband and wife has quarrels, and I guess 'Jim' ain't no worse than most men. I hadn't any business making him angry when he wanted the turkey. His money paid for it and his money pays for all that we wear and all that we eat, and he's the kindest in the world when he's not drinking."

"He'll beat you again if I let him out." "What do I care?" said she, defiantly. "I guess I can stand a beating or two. Why, 'Squire, I love him. Do you hear that? I love him, and he loves me, and I forgive what he does and he forgives what I do. I pray Heaven he may forgive me for getting him shut up this time. Maybe he won't." There was just a catch in her voice, a quaver that may have denoted fear.

"You are afraid because he threatened

you?" asked the Justice.

"I tell you I ain't afraid of anything from him. I want him back, that's all. We have just been so lonely, Mamie and me, since Friday, and this morning I went to church and prayed God that I might be forgiven for what I have done. You will let him out, I know."

Clark silently blotted out a release for her. She took it eagerly when he had

blotted it and kissed it. "Thank you, 'Squire,' she said. "I am going to be a more obedient wife, because I do love 'Jim.' " and sne hurried away.

"She may be a good wife, but she's a very foolish woman," said Clark.
"Didn't I tell you it was the same old story?" said one of the other reporters.

"She'll be back again in a month or

so," I remarked.

"What made her get him out?" asked Clark. "Was it love for 'Jim,' fear because of his threats, or only the need of

support?"

"That is a question upon which you are not required to pass as a magistrate," said I, "for which you may thank goodness."

The Rosary From Montmartre.

The Doctor was engaged for the twenty-second time in three days in repeating the story of the robbery of his home on Tuesday night. His two dinner guests were listening with absorption. The newspapers had been full of it, but it is so different to get a thing firsthand, don't you know. At the upper end of the table the Doctor's wife was dishing four plates of salad. "We had been here at table quite half an hour," the Doctor was saying. "In fact, Mildred had just ordered the salad brought on. So you see the thieves had had time to overhaul the jewelry upstairs and take what they got away with. We had all just settled down again after one of Tyger's puns-you know Tyger's punswhen there came a slight noise from upstairs. It seems rather curious how things happen, but Mildred and I instantly located that sound correctly.

"That's the rosary,' she said to me, with an inflection of alarm in her voice.

"I felt intuitively that it was hardly likely that it could have fallen to the floor of its own volition. The servants were all downstairs, the rest of us were at the table. I leaped to my feet and went to the second floor two steps at a time. The others were not far behind.

"The rosary hung on a wall in the third room—the room just over this. In

front of it Mildred has for a long time kept a sanctuary lamp burning. When I got there the lamp was out. For an instant I thought we might be shot at, but I threw over the light switch and found the room empty. On the floor under the lamp was the rosary, with the cross and some of the beads missing. I was looking about for the rest of it when Mildred bethought herself of her jewel box in the front room. A scream summoned us after she reached her dressing table, and we all soon knew she had been robbed of all the jewelry she was not wearing for dinner."

"Was anything else gone?" asked one

of the Doctor's guests.

"No; they seem to have poked their noses into my bureau, but didn't like my studs and cuff buttons. After that they apparently passed on into the room with the rosary."

"Was it of any value?"

"No. That's the mysterious part of it. It was one of cumbersome, red wooden beads, machine-made, and sold for a few sous at the famous church on Montmartre Hill, in Paris. The elaborate Eglise du Sacre Coeur there is a great shrine for devout Catholics, and there are daily pilgrimages of the pious from all parts of France. Thousands of these rosaries are sold annually to the peasant pilgrims. When Mildred and I were there some years ago I bought her a dozen of them as souvenirs for some of her Catholic friends. You have no idea how much attention they have attracted because of their size and odd appearance, and Mildred has been having that

one in the room with an ivory crucifix, some Madonnas and the sanctuary lamp ever since we got home. You know we call it her 'prayer chamber.'"

"And the cross was torn off?"

"Yes, with several of the wooden beads. I found one later in the back hallway. It was a clue, showing me how the thieves got out. I found the door to the back porch unlocked. They must have made a dash as soon as the rosary fell, and 'shinned down' the porch columns. The police seem to think they came that way; I don't."

"And there has been no clue?"

"None, except a greasy blue handkerchief, dropped in the yard—one of the kind often used by machinists, or firemen, or stokers on steamers. That isn't much of a clue."

The Doctor was interrupted by a servant.

"A man, sir, at the door."

"I can't be bothered with patients now, Jane. Let him wait in the office.

"He's not a patient, sir, and he won't come in."

"Then why did you interrupt me?"

"He insisted, sir. He won't go away and he won't come in. Leastwise, sir, I don't think as how he'd better come in. He's one of them greasy furriners."

"What does he seem to want?"

"He axed for the missus first, for the madame, in his queer lingo. Then I told him as how he'd better wait for you. He muttered something I couldn't ha' caught and then he said as how he'd something to tell Dr. Kenton of the robbery."

The two guests looked up eagerly. But the Doctor laughed. "We've been so overrun with police and detectives, and police and newspaper men, and police and private sleuths, with sure tips, that I am a cynic. I don't believe Mildred will ever see those jewels again. I've promised her a new collection."

"Hadn't you better see the man, dear?" said the hostess. "He may have some

real news."

"Always hopeful, sweetheart," said the Doctor, as he rose to obey her wish.

The guests began to ask more information of the Doctor's wife as the Doctor pushed aside the heavy portieres and passed out into his hallway. The front door was not quite closed. When he pulled it open he thought at first his caller had departed. Then he saw him in the reflection of the arc lights from across in Lafayette Square—a slight, undersized figure leaning heavily against one of the vestibule doors.

"Come inside, my man," he said. "It's too cold for me out here. Come into my office."

The figure's acceptance of the invitation was scarcely more perceptible than his reply was audible.

"Vous etes le Docteur?"

The Doctor's French was limited, but not so limited that he could not answer this.

"Yes, yes, my man, I am the Doctor. What is it you want of me?"

A gust of wind swirled up Arlington avenue and tossed some snow through the open door. The figure in the vestibule coughed. The Doctor shivered.

"You must come in," he said, commandingly, "or I shall have no more to say to you."

The visitor advanced his way slowly, coughing several times. He seemed weak, for he reached out his arms for support from the jamb and the door.

The Doctor had no fear. He was half a head taller, he weighed two stone more and he could have tossed the creeping slim figure clear out to the bottom step had he been so minded. But the man's actions puzzled him—his slowness, his evident weakness, his cough. By the hall light he saw that he had on an automobile cap, very much the worse for wear, and that a loose French workman's blouse over a blue sweater was his sole protection from the biting cold February weather.

He pointed the way into his office, and the little man ambled in and stood uncertainly beneath the chandelier until the Doctor had turned on the lights. Now that he could see the visitor's face, the Doctor diagnetically made up his mind that he had before him a case of strong nervous emotion. His visitor was a young man, plainly a Frenchman, with a black moustache that had lost any resemblance of a jaunty curl. He was trembling, his cheeks were ghastly pale, and, in spite of the cold, there were drops of sweat on his forehead. His sharp black eyes were fastened hungrily upon the Doctor.

"Now, my man?"

Twice the visitor essayed to speak; twice the words were stillborn in his throat. Finally he articulated:

"Je suis—suis—I—I am de tief!"
The Doctor was uncomprehending.
"You are what?" he said sharply.
"De tief, de rob-bare."

Still it was unbelievable. That so bold a burglar should return in this way was so amazing as to seem fantastic.

"You mean?" he again asked.

The man's hands went to his temples, his head fell back on his neck, his body twisted and he would have fallen had not the Doctor grabbed him.

"Here, Mildred," he called, "bring me some coffee—no, get that brandy off the sideboard." And he unloosened the French lad's collar.

The wife and the guests rushed in in alarm and confusion. The Doctor was for the moment the professional man only. He stayed their questions with a gesture, poured brandy in the fainted man's throat and rubbed more of it into his temples and wrists. "Bad case of exhaustion," he commented, "physical and mental both. Nerves all gone; some apparent, fierce excitement.

"What did he want with you?" asked

the wife.

The Doctor made no reply. He was listening for the lad's heart and using means to get up circulation.

"What was it about? The robbery?"

"Oh! the robbery," finally said the Doctor. "Why, he says he's the thief." He made the announcement as simply as if they were discussing trivialities.

The others didn't take it that way. They pressed him with excited, eager

unanswered questions.

"Let the man tell his own story," he

said. "For my part I don't understand

any more than you do."

When the strange visitor's eyes opened they fell upon the Doctor's wife in her dinner gown, still holding the brandy bottle. He gazed at her for a moment, struggling to collect his thoughts. Then he strove to rise.

"Wait a minute," said the Doctor,

"you'll be stronger."

"Non, non, non. Pour madame, pour madame." He was clutching with his left hand at something inside his sweater. Presently he drew it forth. It was another blue handkerchief of the kind found in the yard. The Doctor's eyes started as he saw it, but he said nothing, for he was too intent upon the visitor, who was now crawling over the few feet between the wife and the couch. He dropped the handkerchief bundle as he neared Mrs. Kenton, gave a sob and a quick indrawing breath, and, seizing a hem of her skirt, pressed a kiss upon it.

"Lady, lady," he said, in the best English he had yet used. "Your jewels—jewels," and he held the handkerchief

up to her.

Mrs. Kenton took the bundle in amazement. She had been gazing with such fixedness at the crawling figure that she seemed scarcely aware of what she was doing. One of her rings fell from the bundle and was handed to her by the nearer of the two guests.

"You had better count them," said this

guest.

"I don't think it necessary," remarked the Doctor gently. He had studied hu-

man nature too long.

The thief was again striving to find something inside his sweater. When he at last held it up to Mrs. Kenton it was the red cross from the wooden rosary. A metal figure of the crucified Christ was upon it.

The thief's eyes sought Mrs. Kent's

appealingly.

"La croix—the cross," he said, and then, more slowly, "you—do—not—want it."

The appeal was not to be misunder-stood.

"No, lad, no," she replied. Something seemed to come up in her throat and choke her words. The thief's mood was suddenly exultant. He kissed the cross again and again, he squeezed it tightly, he murmured phrases in Norman patois. He forgot all about the others in the room until a chance glance was caught by one of the guests. To him the thief spoke:

"Eeet is the same—le meme rosaire—as my poor mere geev moi when I go from my leetle Normandie village—one, two year ago. I go to La Havre to be machiniste on ze big steamship pour l'Amerique. You know La Savoie? This to the Doctor, who nodded.

"Ma mere disait, she say to me, 'Jean Andre,' she say, 'you go far away; you go among les sauvages et les heretiques. Votre mere no want you forget votre eglise. Here is your mere's rosary from Paris, the one blessed by the good bishop after I make ze pious pilgrimage to the holy shrine du Sacre Coeur on the blessed Montmartre in Paris.' Ma mere

love cet rosaire. She never tire telling of ze glorious church and how she hear la messe there. I know she love cet rosaire. I cry when it is geev to moi—ma mere she cry, too."

There were tears in the eyes of the Doctor's wife. She had dropped into a chair.

The thief's face darkened, and he told

his story more quickly:

"Zen on La Savoie one diable Parisien, who say there ees no God, he moque me and make fun, with oaths terrible, of le rosaire. He take it and wave it sovoila—and I see ma belle mere's rosaire sink in the water. I am a demon. I try to kill, I choke him. Les officeurs put Jean Andre in irons and ven we come to l'Amerique I, what-you-call, get ze chuck.

"I learn to run automobile in New York. I am ze chauffeur pour les millionaires. I send la monnaie to ma mere en Normandie. Mais les compagnons mauvaises-sometimes men, sometimes women-they ruin me. Je suis silly. I take partie in ze auto of mon maitre. We get arrest. Je suis disgrace. Zey put me on-what you call-Black-well. Bad men zere; zey tell moi le monde owes me living; zey make me tief. Since Iamout of le prison I am tief in maisons des rich men, en Larchmont, en Boston, en Philadelphia. Nevaire am I caught. I make mooch, I spend more.

"Ven je viens a Baltimore I make entree house at, what-you-call, Roland Park"—

"How did you come here?" asked the Doctor.

"I sit in ze square. Man tell me of ze diamonds of madame." This with a glance to Mrs. Kenton, whose hand closed more tightly on the bundle of jewels. "I tink maybe madame not careful when she have guests to dine. She leave box open on her table. Many madames do. I come in. No one dans l'appartement de madame. I take ze jewels.

"I go in ze next chambre. It is the oratoire of madame. I see ze lamp sacre and I see—Mon Dieu!—mon rosaire, le rosaire de ma mere—the same rosary. Ah! Messieurs, you know not how I feel. I tremble, and ze sweat come like just now. 'Fly, Jean Andre,' I say, but I cannot. I go to le rosaire. It is the same. I read on it:

"'Sacre coeur de Jesus, Ayez pitie de moi."

"I hear ma mere—my mother—pray. I too, pray for God's pity. I say 'Jean Andre, take ze rosaire. Maybe you be good again.' I lay hand on ze cross; ven, sapriste, le rosaire break and fall, and I have ze cross en my hand—comme ca."

As he held the cross in air it seemed to his enthralled auditors that it was the greatest acting they had ever seen. But it was not. They were nearer the heart of a human being.

"I know I am trap, like ze rat in ze sewer of Paris. I run. I get out and I climb. But ever I hold ze cross of ze rosaire. Ever I read the words 'Sacre coeur de Jesus, Ayez pitie de moi.' It is like my mere say 'Jean Andre, you are tief.' I say I will be good. I will go back to madame with the rosaire de Montmartre. Last night I sit in ze

square and watch. But many men come, and I know they are Vidocqs et les journalistes. Zen a gendarme say 'Move on,' and I grow fright. I tink maybe ze police get jewels, nevaire Madame. Cette nuit je viens, and madame has jewels.'

With the strain of his confession over, the French lad's exhaustion returned, and he fell limply, still holding tightly to the cross. When he was brought around he fixed his eyes on the Doctor and asked, simply:

"Ze police?"

It was the calmness of a soul ready to be punished.

Mrs. Kenton stirred herself. "Surely, Charles"—

"Certainly not, Mildred. I have no such idea."

"You are to go free, Jean. You are not to be arrested. We will help you."

The lad understood. For the third time he seized and kissed the hem of her dinner gown. No one seemed to notice or to care that it was smudged from his hands or lips.

"Thanks for the mercy of Christ," he kept saying over and over again in rapid French. And his tear-dimmed eyes gazed lovingly on the cross. Evidently his thoughts had gone back to "la belle Normandie" and his good mother.

One of the guests recalled him to Baltimore. "You haven't told us," he said, "how you got in here the other night."

Jean Andre smiled for the first time. "Ze police zey tell you I am—what-you-call—'second-story man.' Pouf! Zat is nonsense. I show you. You go in ze

dining-room, like zat night. I out front." The four went back to the long-deserted table and let fall the heavy portieres. Then they stood in attitudes of intent listening. There was no sound for a full minute. "Maype it's a trick." muttered one of the guests. Mrs. Kenton silenced him with a glance. Then they heard the voice of Jean Andre.

"Madame et Messieurs!"

When they lifted back the portieres the lad was coming from upstairs. Their amazement awakened his French vivacity. He laughed even boisterously at their mystified countenances. "I come by ze front door," he said. "I have key." He handed a peculiar wire to the Doc-It was totally unlike the usual skeleton key.

"Ven I was honest machinist, I was

good machinist," he said.

"That reminds me," said the Doctor, "of something I've been thinking. When you were an honest chauffeur could you also run an auto well?"

"I have testimonial."

"Then you shall be my chauffeur."

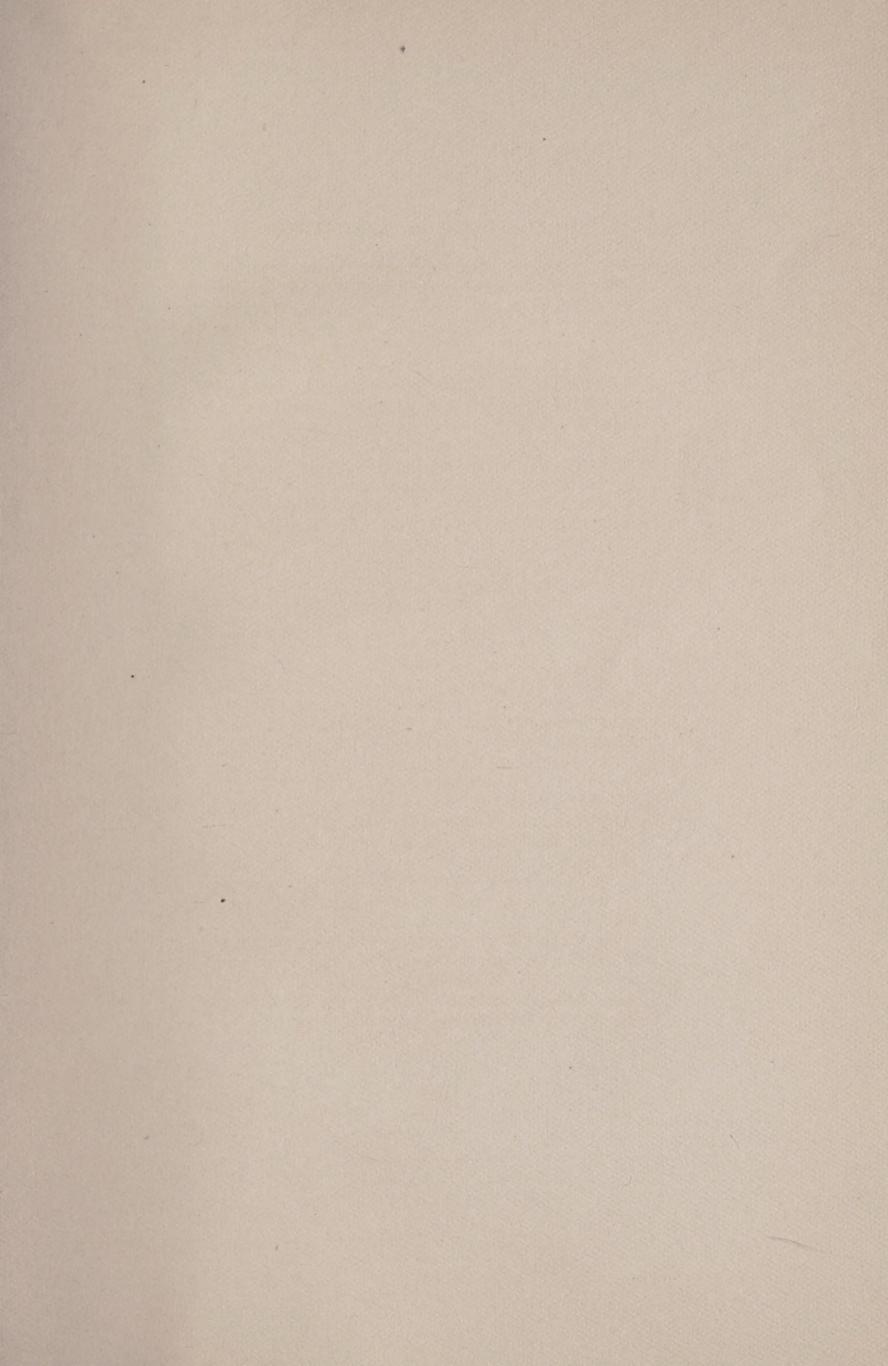
Jean Andre looked at Mrs. Kenton. She was looking at her husband.

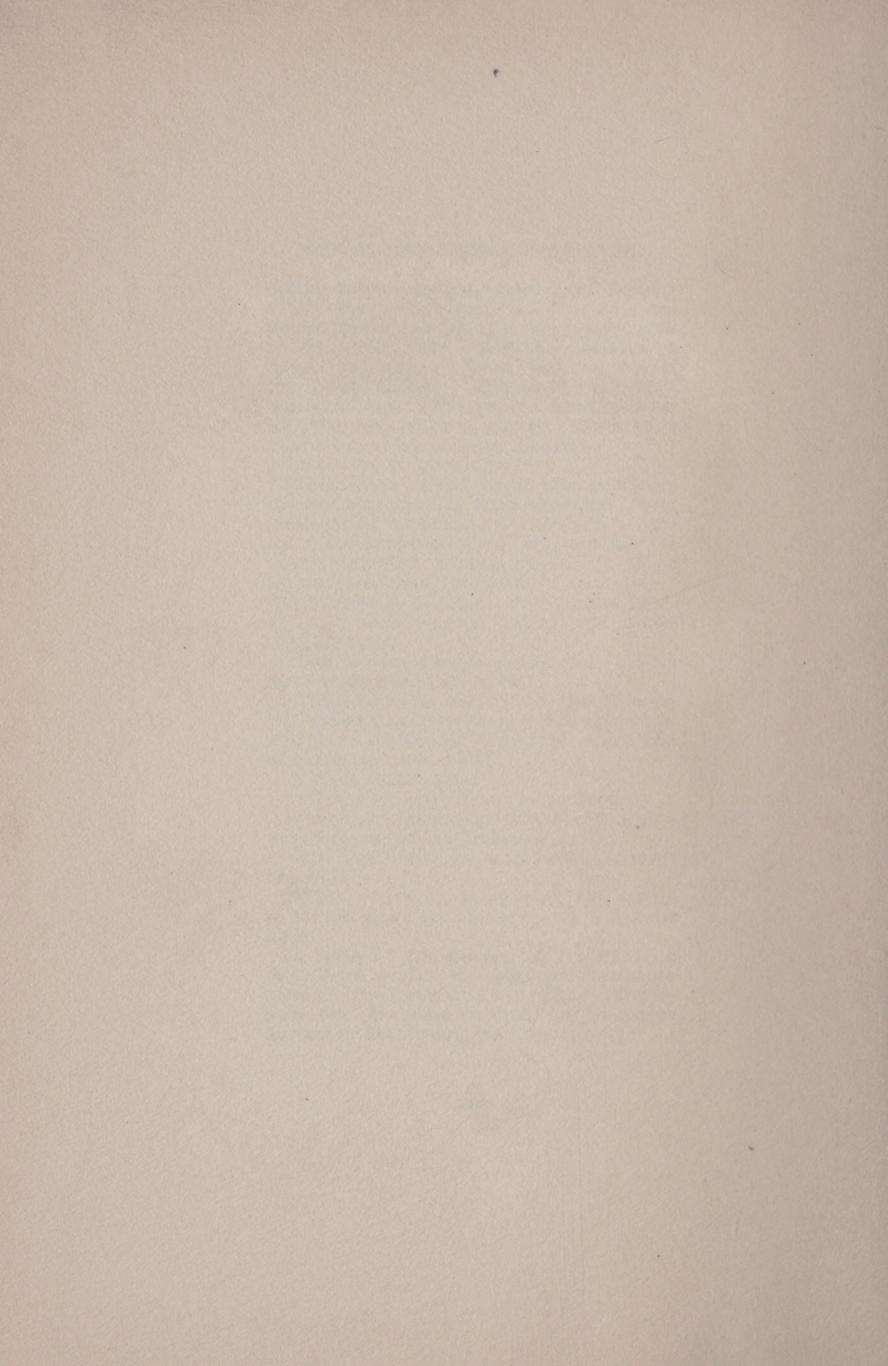
"But you have no automobile, dear,"

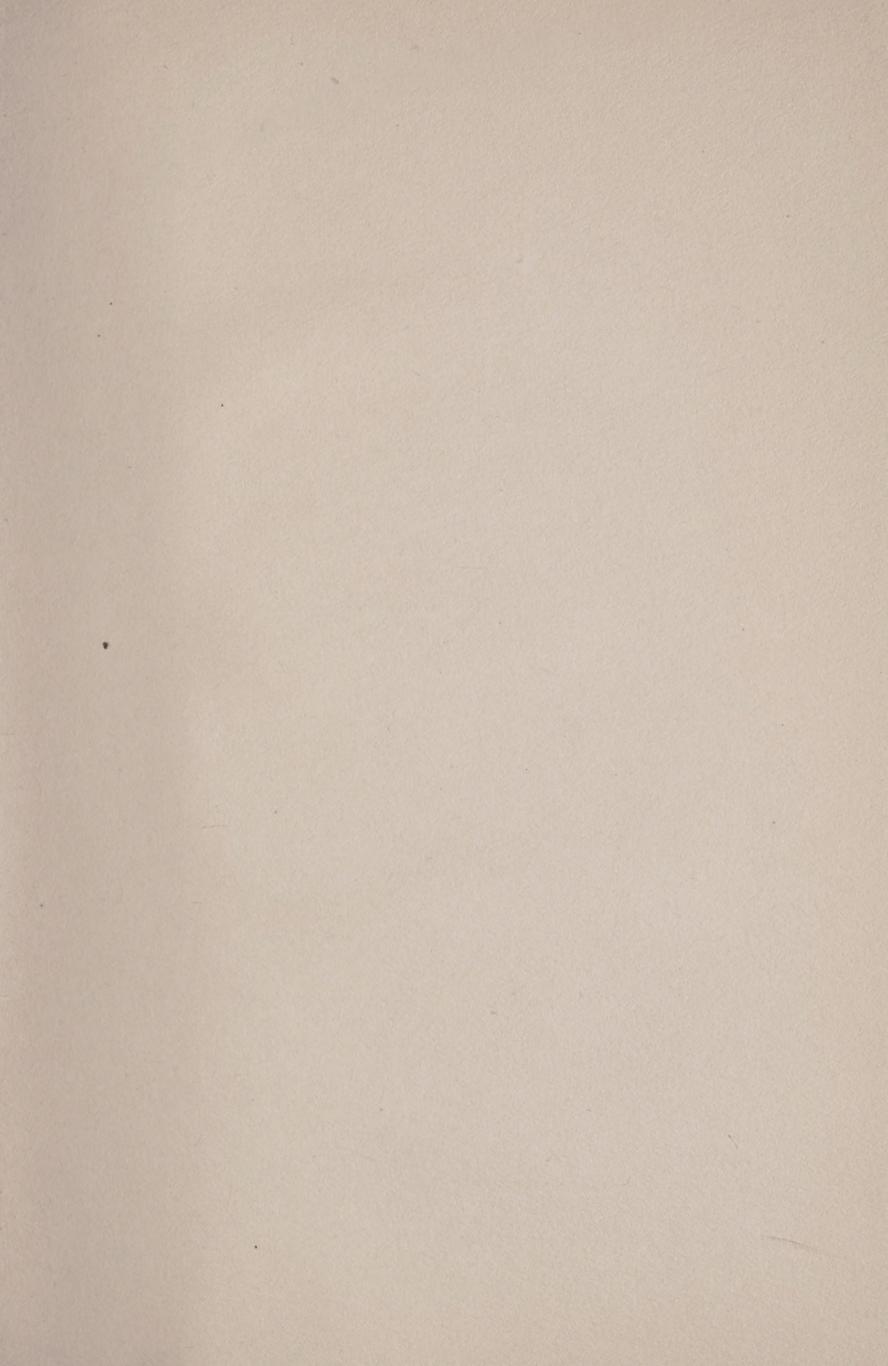
she said.

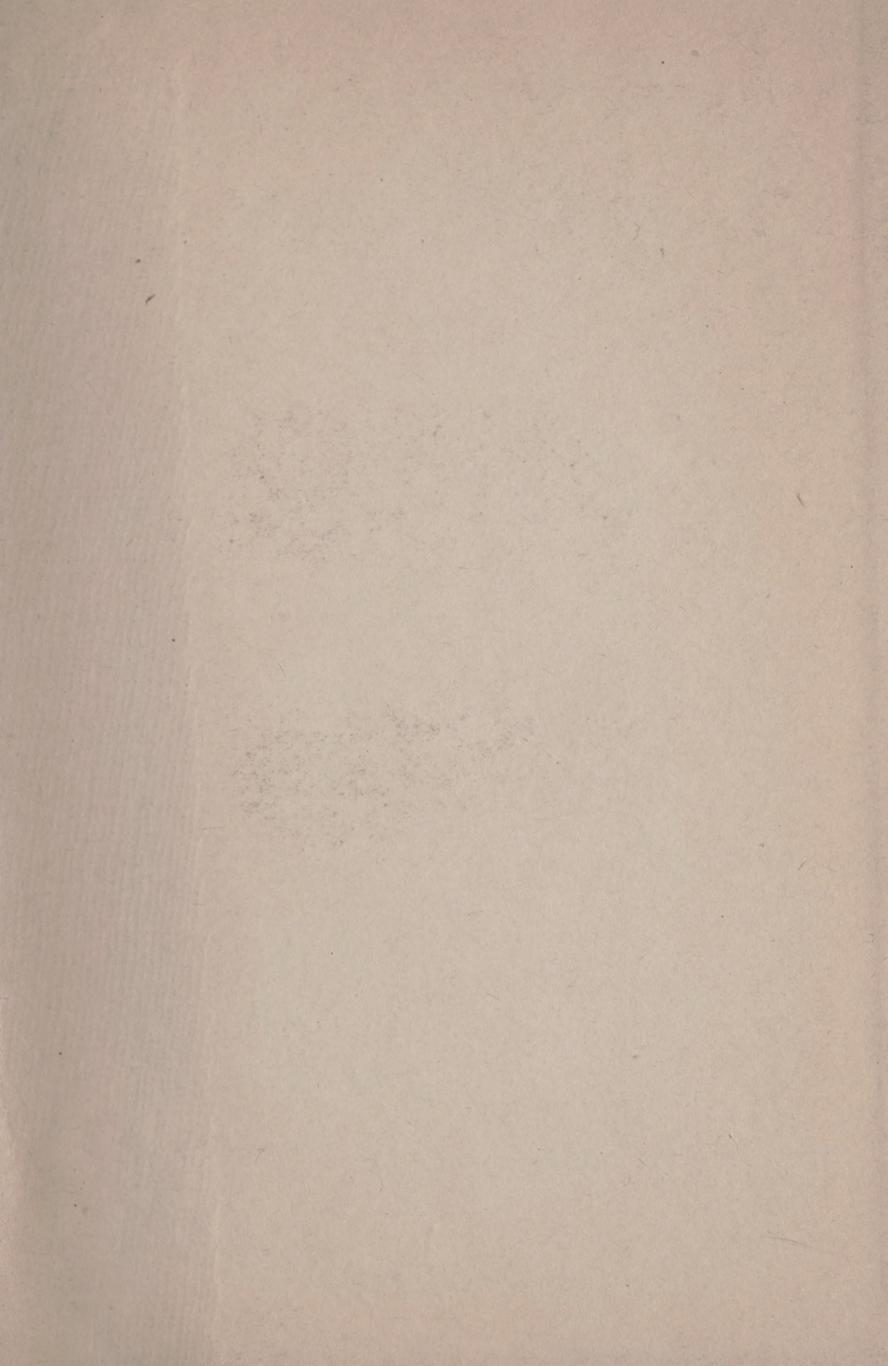
"Well, every up-to-date doctor seems to be getting one," he remarked, quizzically.

In spite of the guests, and forgetting even Jean Andre, the wife put her arms around the husband's neck. "You're just the broadest-minded, up-to-datest doctor in Baltimore, you old dear."









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00015004915